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*THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO KARL MARX.*

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I. THE THEORETICAL ASPECT OF BOLSHEVISM.

WE of this generation have just experienced the mighty proof of the incarnation of evil. The greatest war in history strode across the stage of the world, and so close did it come to all of us that no one—no matter what his position, wealth or influence—escaped his share of suffering.

What foreign war is, therefore, we know, having paid a high toll to ascertain. But what of civil war?

Of the travail of Mother Russia no one knows the full extent. Returning to England after eight months of the closest contact with the long-suffering Russian nation, I find this country flooded with fantastic and thoroughly contradictory accounts of current events, to such an extent that the majority of men have given up all hope of understanding what is put before them in a veritable tissue of sublime distortion.

But for this reason, I would not speak. My tongue is loosened to the extent of relating matters such as did not come before me in my official capacity. Yet, as a preliminary, let me establish my position—I do not 'propagand' for any cause or any man.

Of the genesis of the Russian Revolution of 1917 I have already written,<sup>1</sup> giving an account of the forces, consequent upon the European War, which swelled the ranks of the Bolsheviks, these being in the main: Firstly, the incredible misgovernance into which the country had lapsed—hunger being the potent recruiting-sergeant of the Red cause: Secondly, the hand of the then victorious German invader, who shuffled the cards in such wise as to deal the much-

<sup>1</sup> 'The Red Tradition,' by the author, *Cornhill Magazine*, February number, 1919.

despised revolutionary bed-fellows of Prussian Imperialism the weakest hand possible—which policy of exploitation naturally kept alive for awhile the dying embers of patriotism.

On this occasion I analysed historically the seam of the Red Tradition of Russia, the innate destructive bend of the Slav mind, and the religious and social forces which carried the first Románov to the throne, in 1613, and removed the last, in 1917, the hapless Nicholas II. Alexandrovich. The account was then carried forward to Midsummer 1918, when the murder of the German Ambassador, Count von Mirbach, in Moscow, and the assassination of Field Marshal von Eichhorn in the Ukraine, were the first symptoms of Bolshevism breaking with its masters, whose good fortune on the field of battle was already on the wane. It simply amounted to this: that the Germans in the zenith of their power (early July 1918), visualising themselves already as the final victors, showed Lenin their hand—their intrigues for the restoration of the old *régime*. Of this Lenin had proof, an anonymous letter directing him to order the search of a certain house in Moscow where (he was told) he could find all he required for a better understanding of Count Mirbach's thinly-veiled threats. This proved the starting-point of a new policy. Again anonymously exhorted not to be seen too much in Mirbach's company, Lenin left Moscow, totally forgetting to warn the German Ambassador.<sup>1</sup> As a consequence, the second attempt to enter the Embassy was not denounced as had been the first, and Mirbach fell victim to murderers, who had not been searched (as was the custom) because the letter of introduction they were able to present bore the signature of a notable Moscow police official as a guarantee of their good faith.

Lenin, of course, apologised. Yet Mirbach's successor, von Helfferich, nicknamed 'der Finanzfriseur,' behaved in a manner to show that discretion was the better part of valour. He did not reside in Moscow.

If we take this epoch-making event in the history of the Revolution for a starting-point—the break with Prussian Imperialism in July–August 1918—we must own that Lenin secured a strong position in dissolving a partnership which, however secret to the world without, was yet embarrassing to this political day-dreamer. Gratitude playing but a small part in the affairs of State, the Bolshevik leader was as keen on freeing himself from the trammels of

<sup>1</sup> Count von Mirbach had, however, been publicly warned on three occasions, one of these being an extremely unambiguous demonstration in a theatre.

his Imperialistic "exploiter, as the German Ambassador was keen on terminating at the earliest suitable moment a political combine based on pure opportunism.

At this time Lenin was personally still supreme in the councils of his party, which had been carried into power as a consequence of the October Revolution of the year preceding.<sup>1</sup> However solid the objections which might be raised against his assumption of governance, yet the old *régime* was inevitably doomed. Neither the Lvov-Rodzianko-Milyukov administration, nor the Kerensky first Coalition Government, proved themselves capable of ruling without recourse to the old-time machinery of state-officialdom. Hence the small but enthusiastic body of Bolsheviks saw, in the authority of the Associated Soviets, the sole government of Russia which safeguarded the Revolution.<sup>2</sup> To understand this we must in fairness admit that the 'Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic,' to give it its full title, evolved during the months June–November 1917, stood for a programme which on paper commended itself to the half-educated, mentally unbalanced Intelligentsia,<sup>3</sup> while it held out promises to the proletariat such as were without parallel. In a country of gigantic dimensions, with a population of some one hundred and seventy-five million souls,<sup>4</sup> for the first time the thirty component nationalities hearkened to the siren voice of social reform conceived in such wise as to raise to the height of power that very class of the community, the proletariat, which previously had had no share in the governance of the country at all.

The teeming peasant population which is the pride of Russia, smarting under the consciousness of national defeat, swallowed the socialisation of land and the abrogation of private ownership, the ulterior consequences of which the illiterate mujiks did not foresee. With their lives they had borne the brunt of the war

<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered that in the course of 1917 three distinct Revolutions occurred: (a) The March Revolution (March 28, 1917), which ousted the Tsar; (b) The July Revolution (July 4, 1917), or Lenin's first bid for power, which failed; (c) The October Revolution (Oct. 25, 1917), which was Lenin's successful bid. In view of what is expounded in the following, the so-called July Constitution is the work of Kerensky, and therefore far more moderate than the Bolshevism of Leninist days.

<sup>2</sup> The revolutionary historians were wont to insist upon the fact that the French Communards of 1871 failed in their endeavour owing to their recourse to the established state machinery. (*Vide* 'Lessons to be drawn from the French Commune of 1871,' by Marek Konkol, B. Baks, and other authors.)

<sup>3</sup> A class known in Bolshevik parlance as the 'Semi-intellectuals,' but in orthodox Russian political terminology as the 'Lower Intelligentsia.'

<sup>4</sup> Russian population statistics are only approximate.

(the real toll of the battlefield being even now utterly unknown in Russia); they looked upon themselves as the victims of the 'old officer' who, either through his incompetence or ill-will, led them to slaughter. They stubbornly insisted that it was he who betrayed them. Hence their indifference to the aristocracy, and the squirearchy, and upper bourgeoisie, from which the 'old officer' was originally drawn.

In one respect the peasants were right—the country *had* been betrayed, but not by the 'old officer.' The culprits were to be sought among the ministers of the late Tsar. Further, the 'feasting and banqueting officer who left his men to wallow in the trenches' was not, as a rule, the old regular, but his war-time substitute drawn from the reserve or the ranks to fill gaps.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, such was the peasants' reasoning, and in outlying places the old indictment survives even now. As far as Lenin was concerned, it was a factor of importance which explains why the peasantry stopped neither the massacres of the 'old officer' nor the expropriation and persecution of the bourgeoisie.

Further, in the confiscation of Crown lands and estates, they saw prospects of increased wealth for themselves.

But they were mistaken. The prophet who had arisen was not Lenin, but Karl Marx, who rules Russia out of his grave. He is the Alpha and Omega of all legislation which is inspired by his works—though, strange to say, exclusively so by his earliest writings, none of his later modifications being so much as considered.<sup>2</sup> Here we come to the cobweb of theories about the industrial reserve army, the exploitation of Labour by Capital—either directly, or as the result of competition between the capitalists themselves—of which the working-man bears the full burden. The bigger capitalist buys out the smaller. We come to the public company, then to the trust. All personal contact between the employer and the employee breaks down, the hired manager feathers the nest of distant shareholders with fat dividends. During the years of prosperity, the proletariat does not adequately share in the profits; in times of adversity, it is shut out of the factories and thrown on the streets. Thus, whatever happens, the working-man is always the victim.

In the Middle Ages it was otherwise. The world knew no

<sup>1</sup> The cadres of the regular army allowed the officering of armies in the field aggregating some 2,000,000 men. But the cultural level of the country forbade the colossal expansion of 1916 without entailing concessions fatal to efficiency.

<sup>2</sup> Karl Marx, explain the Bolsheviks, on broad lines remained faithful to his creed, but made concessions to the exigencies of his time. The later modifications are not accepted.



Socialism because Labour owned the means of production. The older the working-man, the more highly trained he became, and the bigger his share in the profits. There were mediaeval trades in which the skilled labourer commanded up to two-thirds of the profits.

But, in the modern world, a working-man is only of use while he is young. Let him cross thirty-five years of age and he is on the decline as far as his productivity is concerned. Mercilessly he is replaced by a younger hand, drawn out of the immense industrial reserve army which is the nightmare of Karl Marx.

All this says nothing for Capital, which is the enemy. It must be destroyed by levy, by confiscation. Above all, by the prohibition of interest, which is wrong in Bolshevik eyes.

The fallacy is that manual labour alone is the creator of wealth, without the aid either of brains or accumulated savings, for the payment of wages and the acquisition of the means of production—i.e. of capital.

But it is not part of our purpose to pass judgment on the economic issue. From the point of view of the historian, we are interested in doctrines, even though false, if they influence events. What Karl Marx here propounds has more profoundly moved men than aught else since the days of Rousseau. The working-man, won over by a subtle one-sided propaganda, was converted to these views, which the Soviets put into practice. The millennium was to come with the proletariat installed in power, not only in Russia but throughout the world. 'Proletarni Vsiech Stran Soediniaites!' <sup>1</sup> being the official motto, taken, indeed, from Karl Marx.

But we have other points in the Bolshevik programme to consider—the reform of sanitation, the (continued) prohibition of alcohol, the suppression of prostitution. Liberty of speech and the right of assembly were safeguarded, the hours of work regulated with special regard to juvenile labour, and the care of the children made the concern of the State, with particular care to those born out of wedlock. Even the peasants hailed the promise of educational reform,<sup>2</sup> for Russia had of late moved sufficiently on the road of progress to experience an universal demand that all should be able to read and write.

<sup>1</sup> 'Members of the proletariat of all nations, unite!'

<sup>2</sup> This included a revision of Russian orthography, one of the few points of the programme carried into practice. Though possibly a boon to the foreign student of Russian, it is intrinsically a philological abomination.

The salary of the school-teacher (which came to a pittance of thirty roubles a month under the old *régime*) was continuously raised until, partly in response to the phenomenal rise in prices, partly for political motives, it reaches no less a sum than 1,000 roubles a month. As higher education was promised similar reforms, the Intelligentsia was beguiled into a friendly attitude, pending events.

Although, therefore, Lenin instituted the Soviet governments without a popular mandate, it must nevertheless be considered that, on a multitude of reforms, elements of other parties than his own were with him in his endeavour to step from theory to practice.

So far, Lenin in truth resembled a newly-elected director of a public company who, at preliminary meetings with his colleagues, secures for himself the authority of the chair by fair promises to all. This simile may stand, for it conveys the best portrait of one who is essentially a committee-man. Small-minded, and devoid of all originality of thought, but tactful and eloquent—and that in his Bolshevik propagandist surroundings means a great deal—he is wholly the victim of theories—not his own, but those of Karl Marx, *plus* the modifications of his 'Zurich teacher'—with a practical idea of governance which is purely arithmetical. His is really government in camera, with all the heads counted, so as to push the maximum number of resolutions in conformity with theory, the mind straying as far from practical considerations as it deviates from democratic principles proper. To the tinge of fanaticism is allied the spirit of vengeance—his past, and his sufferings, are the curse of this man. Above all, however, he shares with his fellow revolutionaries the fear of time—hence his haste to govern.

The opportunity the world-war brought before him he seized, even though at the connivance of the foreigner, who was then destroying his country. For, with Lenin, theories are more exalted than paltry considerations of nationalism. Besides, does not everything the Soviet stands for expressly condemn it? His only people are the members of the proletariat, within as without Russia.

But Lenin, of the committee, fell in with men of action, practical, forceful and more gifted than he, yet to Russia and her tradition for the most part foreign in blood, upbringing, and sentiment.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We purposely do not add 'in religion'; for, as far as that is concerned, they seem to have none.

To understand this we must bear in mind that, even with the best intentions in the world, the Bolshevik party could not justify its usurpation of power save by results, such as only sheer force could wring from an unwilling nation. This is true, even if the situation be viewed exclusively from the standpoint of the Left, for the reason that the parent party from which the 'Bolsheviks' or 'Leninists' (as they were at first called) sprang, refused reunion. This parent party was that of the Socialist-Revolutionaries, known as Mensheviks, consisting of men of extremely advanced views, ready to support extensive Labour legislation, but under conditions which installed Labour as one of the important parties in the State. With the enthronement of Labour as the supreme power in the community, as with complete internationalisation, the Mensheviks would have no truck.<sup>1</sup> Lenin, before he had usurped power, was aware of the fact that the other great party of the Left would not follow him, efforts at conciliation having failed in Switzerland prior to his departure.<sup>2</sup> Hence, if he ruled at all, he was bound to rule as a tyrant—though, maybe, he hoped, as a benevolent tyrant—for neither had he a popular mandate to support him, nor command even of the entire Left. *Therein* lies his reproach before history.

Bronstein-Trotsky and other colleagues saw this more clearly. The application of force roused opposition—passive and active—degenerating into rebellion here and there, which in turn was countered by revolutionary tribunals backed by Red soldiery in action. In question were not only the 'bourgeoisie,' which fled before spoliation and persecution, not only the reactionary soldier-squirearchy of the old *régime* seeking to escape massacre—but fanatical Revolutionary Socialist associates of former years, who did not want the gains of Labour, won in the Revolution, to be jeopardised by a reign of terror initiated by a small and mainly foreign clique of theorists. Such terror, said they, could but end in disaster—in foreign and civil war, in bankruptcy, defeat and reaction. Thus it came to pass that, at an early date, the most deadly foes of the Lenin *régime* were the advanced Revolutionary Socialists of Russia. So much so that, to this day, no party suffers under the Red terror as precisely these quondam friends. The

<sup>1</sup> Hence their names:—

*Bolshe-vik*—the man who wants more, i.e. the supremacy of the proletariat in the State.

*Menshe-vik*—the man who wants less, i.e. the proletariat a party in the State.

<sup>2</sup> Night of April 5-6, 1917. Maundy Thursday—Good Friday at Geneva. Vide *Cornhill Magazine*, Feb. 1919, *op. cit.*, p. 176.

feud between the Bolshevik and the Menshevik seems altogether veiled to the outside world, judging from the fact that, when in Russia, I understood certain persons in England to demand the recall of the British contingent on the express ground that it was used to fight advanced democracy!

Alone the wise Tchicherine remains, as evidence to the contrary, in association with Lenin—whose Bolshevik principles he, as a Socialist, does not share. Russian himself, he has known to rise above the circumstances of the hour,<sup>1</sup> and it is the opinion of not a few experts on Russian affairs that on the inevitable day of reckoning this man may be spared from popular vengeance.

It is hardly likely that any of the others will.

Before turning to the practice of Bolshevism, which is its most interesting aspect, we must yet refer to one more salient feature of its theoretical conception.

The so-called July Revolution of 1917 (which is the 'Red Charter') proclaimed a Republic of Soviets (*i.e.* Councils) of Workers', Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies. The inference to be drawn therefrom is that the peasantry (overwhelmingly predominant) was called upon to share the first-fruits of power with the proletariat. This was, in fact, not the case. The old grievance of the peasantry lay in the ownership of the bulk of the land by the community. The village elders in council allotted the arable land for short terms to the peasant, the extent of the estate and the quality of the soil being contingent upon the size of his family and his general standing. The outcome of this system was that, no land being truly the farmer's, it was uncertain how long it would remain under his charge. Hence its improvement was not to his interest, and, in bulk, so little land lay fallow that the white earth of Russia deteriorated. Credit throughout the primitive peasant districts was undeveloped, the alien money-lender ill supplying the need on high terms. Co-operation was unknown, while any attempt at scientific farming broke down before the uncertainty of tenure, as also in consequence of lack of education. Nevertheless the peasantry, in the course of time, was able to apply its own remedy, inasmuch as, of recent years, the village elders reallocated the land for ever-lengthening periods, thus striking at the root of the evil.

In regard to its land policy, however, the aims of the old *régime* were particularly nefarious, in that it did not encourage the opening

<sup>1</sup> His peculiar position is explained by the fact that Tchicherine, though a Menshevik, is an Internationalist. On this express ground is he affiliated to Lenin.

up of the less known parts of Russia and extended 'Crown domains' in a manner harmful to the interests of the country. In this fantastically rich part of the globe, discovery of mineral wealth exposed the community to the risk of a visit by a high official who, after endless reports, friction, and delay, would produce that terrible arm of Russian bureaucracy, the 'protocol,' and end by buying up for the Crown all that was worth acquiring.

But even this did not imply development, since the mining claims might remain dead capital in the possession of the Emperor.<sup>1</sup> The peasants, therefore, though respectful of property—since, in the modern trend of land allotment, they were slowly becoming life-tenants themselves, and in recent days even proprietors—coveted the Crown lands and large estates for themselves. The temptation enticed them to acts of violence reminiscent of the scenes of the 1905 Revolution. The immense forests, hitherto in the control of the Forestry Department, every man used for his own purpose, since 'they only belonged to the State!' This they could understand, but the inner meaning of land socialisation was beyond their power of perception.

They were given land, yet were not allowed to dispose of it by sale. Hence, said they, 'It is not property.' Though the State owned the land, they naturally presumed that the profit derived from its cultivation (less, of course, the head tax) would be theirs. Instead, they found out that they were 'rationed,' that proportion of the harvest which a Commission thought necessary for their sustenance being theirs—and the rest, national property! Hence, said they: 'Why should we grow more than we ourselves need?' 'What right have they in the towns to force us to work for nothing?'

Herein lay the seeds of dissension between the proletariat in power<sup>2</sup> and the peasantry, nominally affiliated. It was only due to the immensity of Russia, to the scarcity of communications, to the control of all the news agencies by the Bolsheviks, and to the want of contact between the agricultural interests, that the conflict was postponed or localised. The more practical minds of the Soviets played off the small farmer against the big one. But all mode of governance which rests on the exploitation of class hatred administers the political sleeping-draught of short-lived compromise. In truth, it is the vivisection of the body politic.

<sup>1</sup> Coal, for instance, was not mined, on the ground that its capital value increased enormously, even though left underground.

<sup>2</sup> The proletariat is estimated to comprise a total of 15 per cent. of the population.

## II. THE PRACTICAL ASPECT OF BOLSHEVISM.

The man who calls himself Vladimir Ilitch Uljanov-Lenin—to show that he comes from a noble, though not a titled family—passes into history as the Father of the Russian Revolution. By order, his effigy—by no means flattering, as the outcome of Bolshevik artistic vision—is exhibited at every command post from Battalion H.Q. upwards. It is there to inspire the Red Armies.

But how do we come to speak of Armies? Was not the primary mandate, the only mandate of all and several who might receive or usurp power, the restoration of peace? Had not Russia, for her imperative need of peace, gone out of the World War when Gregori Jakovjevich Sokolnikov, as member of the 'Central Committee of the Union of Workmen, Soldiers and Peasants,' affixed his signature to the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk on March 3, 1918, 'without looking at it'?

No doubt this was so. But, not for the first time in the annals of mankind, the man who was to have brought peace brought war. It is an axiom in the philosophy of history that the man who fails to master events is mastered by events. That is why the policy of the weakling is, in the long run, the most cruel of all modes of governance. In the history of Russia we find a salient example. Were not the Románov dynasts imbued with a mystical love of peace? Yet did they not all wage war upon war, with the exception of only one Tsar, Alexander III., who was an avowed militarist?<sup>1</sup> Lenin is not the first, nor the last, of the world's great dreamers whose acts belie his words.

'Das eben ist der Fluch der bösen Tat,  
Das sie fortzeugend Böses muss gebären,'

is the verdict of Schiller. There is an intense pathos in the language of the Bible, perpetuating the curse over generations. When men are confronted with a great truth—unpleasant to their ears as is all great truth—they are only too apt to look the other way. The curse of men, as of nations, is that their last act is the outcome of their first.

Yet there is much to be said for the man who has risen by his own effort unaided—and such a self-made man is this leader Lenin—that his past, confined within the kingdom of his soul—

<sup>1</sup> Alexander III. is only responsible for a minor expedition into Turkestan. He was the Tsar who greatly strengthened the Russian Army.

every man's soul being a kingdom to itself—keeps alive the consciousness of humble origin and early moral struggle, a secret untransmittable to a descendant or disciple who is partaker only of later-day success. That is to say, the consciousness of the difference between the lofty ideals of youth and the harsh realisations of age is the secret treasure of the memory of the *great*. Lenin is not of the number of these great elect.

To these considerations are we moved, in an effort to explain the unholy alliance between idealism and murder. To erect his new State, Lenin evoked the lowest and most corrupt instincts of men whose morality was not proof to temptation as they laid hands upon property in the name of the new law. The petty executioner of the higher will was drawn from too low a class, and morally too debased, to understand the subtle precepts of the Marxian gospel. In closer contact with the realities of life, and nearer the sting of starvation than the mighty Lenin, he confiscated other people's belongings to loot for his own needs. There were enough criminal elements in a great nation to go far in that direction. What could spread quicker than such example?

Therefore, assuming even that the intent of the idealist Lenin was clean, or originally clean, what greater temptation is there for the low-minded than to sin in the name of the law? After all, the moral responsibility lies not so much upon him who applies the law as upon him who makes it. Under no conceivable circumstances could the Marxian theory of capital be sprung upon the possessing class without the application of force, and the only force available was the non-possessing class, won over by fine oratory but succumbing to the inevitable temptation. This is, and must be, the moral impeachment against Lenin and his associates. Good intentions are void, if followed by evil deeds.

The assault upon capital aimed at its equalisation, the class singled out for special treatment being the so-called 'bourgeoisie,' which (in the parlance of Bolshevism) covers everything from the wealthy aristocrat to the moneyed large peasant-proprietor. Thus, at any rate, was the term extended in the course of time, for the reason that the moneyed middle class, the upper and lower bourgeoisie in the Western European accepted meaning of the word, was numerically and socially not of such importance in Russia as elsewhere. True, industry and commerce had much extended of late years, but the basic foundation of the State was



the peasantry, in the European as in the Asiatic provinces. The prey, therefore, not being as large as the anti-capitalist enthusiast desired, the inclusion of the citizen of the small town who could boast of an income of one thousand unearned roubles a year was only a question of time.

Generally, from the desire to level down fortunes to the formal enunciation of 'Communism,' there is but a step. This Bolshevism logically made in 1919, when it styled itself: 'The Communist Party (Bolshevik).'<sup>1</sup>

Further, great cash fortunes, without concurrent responsibilities in landed estates, were comparatively rare in Russia. The assault upon capital, therefore, to be effective, attacked land ownership.

In this respect the revolutionary iconoclast of Russia furnished the world with an object-lesson which should never be forgotten. The important point, to our mind, is that a remodelling of Society based on violence inevitably surrenders to the most extreme exponents of the new order—that is, to men who, in their disregard of the old order, deify logic. In that way the Russian Revolution, engineered by the ignorant proletariat, moved on parallel lines with the French Revolution evolved by an intellectual bourgeoisie. As in foreign war all action can be justified from the military point of view pure and simple, so, in internal strife, can the extremist make appeal to revolutionary logic. This is our point. The ethical foundation of the State, as we know it, being denied, civilisation, as we know it, is at stake. Whatever there may be that is good in the futurist State, based on International Communism, in the present stage of the world's development, no man, however large-minded in his views, can accept a system subversive of all of the old order all over the world which is proclaimed in *one* country, and even there by a *minority* only.

Thus, while Lenin and his friends were trying to realise what they conceived to be their ideals, the lower order of mortals, with whom human passion is still a factor, thought, wrote and acted differently. While nothing but the millennium was proclaimed on high, down below were circulating pamphlets extolling the Paris Commune of 1871, so as to derive a lesson therefrom with a view to its re-enactment on the vaster stage of Russian politics. While Lenin was logically compelled to attack the Christian faith, the elementary tenets of which stood in his way, his minions, not less

<sup>1</sup> 'Rossiiskaia kommunisticheskaia partia (Bolshevikov)'—from a pay-book of a member, dated April 6, 1918.

logical, looked upon the accumulated wealth of the State Church as the legitimate prize of the Revolution.

Their intellectual appreciation of the Christian faith is most appropriately gauged by the inspection of any private Bolshevik library, which, among other highly indicative standard works, strangely assorted, invariably allots the place of honour to Strauss' 'Life of Jesus.' As with Marx, so with Strauss. Following in the wake of Russian revolutionary mentality, we are just on seventy years behind Western European time.

The first onslaught was on the banks, where the liquid capital of the 'idle rich' vanished without trace. Hereafter a millionaire, instead of a yearly income, say on a four per cent. basis, of 40,000 roubles, received a pittance of about 800 roubles a month (9600 roubles per annum) from the new power in the State. If married, he would receive a couple of hundred roubles for his wife and other members of the family. His opposite number, the fortunate member of the proletariat, on the other hand, would step into a soft railway job and draw his 800 roubles a month for a start. Thus were social grievances of 1900 years' standing redressed by a stroke of the pen.

What happened to the liquid capital in the banks we can only guess. As early as May 1918, a small Swiss bank in an outlying place was the lucky custodian of eighteen million roubles remitted from Russia, and the travelling members of the Soviet the only strangers fortunate enough to ignore the rise in prices in Berne. National art treasures went by the same road; for, apart from the plundering of the palaces of the Tsar, the famous Hermitage Collection shows notices on the wall speaking of 'pictures removed for safe custody,' without any man to divulge compromising detail regarding the strange appearance of some of these in neutral lands.

The Germans, by the way, were very anxious to elucidate this point. Long before peace was signed, Petrograd was accessible to their agents. A German army command in the field, as everyone knows, has its art expert whose job is as legitimate, though in war not as logical, as that of its gunnery expert. Actuated by a lofty desire to hasten what, at the time, still promised to be a Teutonic peace by a little cleaning up of future profits, the German authorities despatched agent after agent to Petrograd to report on the condition of the world-famous collection. But such was their 'Kriegspsychose' that—peremptory instructions to the contrary notwithstanding—they became so engrossed in the tactical

aspects of street-fighting as to forget completely the object of their mission.

Meanwhile the socialisation of land made progress until the peasants became aware that, on the basis of their seed list, all grain beyond their 'ration' belonged to 'the nation, without any wage to compensate their labour. They resorted to passive resistance. This, in turn, led to shootings and affrays; but the bulk of the fertile land remained untilled for all that.

All private enterprise, except such as was sanctioned on the ground that it conformed to the needs of the Soviets, or, worse still, under license by individual unscrupulous commissars, was branded as 'speculation,' which all true Bolsheviks abhor. The Red Flag, which so often bore the inscription 'Doloi Capitalism,'<sup>1</sup> vouched for the integrity of the Soviets' intent.

Yet no sophistry of the governing clique could explain away the ever-spreading discontent and open rebellions throughout the land. As an eminent scientist put it who had recently returned from Red Russia, which he had traversed from South to North (July 1919): 'The life of a peasant is worth as much as that of a dog. Have him object to anything, and he is shot down without mercy.' Nevertheless the soil does not bear fruit on such methods of governance, and in that vast part of the globe where, in pre-war days, after gigantic grain exports, the pound of bread was worth only three kopecs, in the summer of 1919 it fetched in Petrograd 185 roubles a pound on the old harvest, and an average of 85 roubles on the new! Yet the population of the capital had fallen from 3,197,800<sup>2</sup> on January 1, 1915, to an estimated total of eight to nine hundred thousand in August, 1919. Moreover, the new harvest was phenomenally good. Spite all falling off in tillage, is it not strange that those who set their face against all capitalist speculation, gambled thus unscrupulously with the nation's bread? Nor does this take into account its inferior quality, there being a large admixture of straw. Moreover, in the third week of the new (1919) harvest in Petrograd, only a recognised member of the proletariat could acquire up to three-quarters of a pound of bread per day, an ordinary 'bourgeois' being able to purchase only a lesser amount. Whoever knows Russia appreciates this the more as the peasant class is in bulk barely meat-eating, even in normal times, and utterly dependent on the sustaining rye bread.

<sup>1</sup> 'Away with Capitalism!'

<sup>2</sup> This figure on the authority of *The Statesman's Year Book*, 1919.

In Moscow, conditions were better, prices averaging thirty to forty roubles per pound less on both harvests.

The slight progress in sanitation achieved in earlier days under pressure of the German invader has long since disappeared. The anti-plague cordon on the Mongolian frontier is no more; the towns, areas and camps under Bolshevik administration being the *non plus ultra* of filth.

Educational commissioners have been appointed, and well salaried—my friend of the village of D., so employed, being a much-needed advertisement for his cause, since he himself cannot read or write! More schools have not been opened—and those in existence for want of food and fuel are more often closed than not. The schoolmasters and schoolmistresses (almost all Karl Marxian to the core), apart from the fact that they have little training, if any, in their profession, make up the arrears of their 1000 roubles a month salary by working in the booking-offices of railway stations, or more openly pursuing an immoral life, of which taint my investigations (extending over a vast area) showed not a single schoolmistress completely immune. The most moral example I know is that of a schoolmistress I met 76 versts behind the then Bolshevik lines, who lived so long with men out of wedlock that one of them, to legitimate what he considered his offspring, sanctified his marriage in church.

The debasing of public morality is the natural outcome of countless families separated for periods of two to five years, without the means of intercommunication in the long-drawn agonising uncertainty as to the fate of their nearest belongings. We must, however, bow to the fortitude of so many men and women, either in the country or in foreign exile, who bear a great trial without flinching.

But—so many outstanding examples to the contrary notwithstanding—who could deny that prostitution has only been lessened at the price of something infinitely worse permeating all ranks of society? In what cloudland people live who report otherwise, I cannot say. The peasant class alone still maintains the admirable record of its primitive honest mentality.

The higher educational establishments in the provinces, reopened in the first enthusiasm of the new era, have for the most part shut their doors. The Intelligentsia was disillusioned, even before the incidents at Olonetz illustrated the risk students ran whose views conflicted with authority.

Except where hunger and family obligations forced the hands of individual members, that class too turned against Lenin. Only a few youthful, unbalanced Intellectuals, inebriated by a commissar's power, serve the Revolution with fanaticism. One of these, at the head of an important township, had notions of liberty befitting the situation when he threatened his only brother (also an Intellectual) with death, if he could not be brought to embrace the Communist creed.

After the foregoing, the lurid picture need not be prolonged by an analysis of the State's care of the young. Suffice it to say that, in this internecine strife, boys and girls barely 13 years old serve as the willing or unwilling messengers between parties of grown-ups whose primary thought is to cut one another's throats.

The Russian nation, after stupendous losses incurred in foreign war, ravaged by epidemics, venereal disease, hunger and internecine strife, is justifiably weary. Yet for the last twelve months, mobilisation, on an ever-extending scale, has been enforced by the Reds as by the Whites in their respective areas, and obeyed in the manner in which the Slav always will obey a military order. More than that, the elderly peasant classes, exasperated by commissar rule, have anticipated the call by the formation of partisan detachments which are armed civilian bands enrolled under the White flag. Their patriotism is undoubted; but, largely untrained, they are of use in guerilla warfare only. Besides, as is so often the case with peasants, their political horizon is local, only some fifteen per cent. of their total being far-sighted enough to embrace the cause of Russia as a whole. In areas where their operations are unsupported by regular troops, their higher formation is known as the 'Green Army.'

The Reds have followed suit, their partisans being a ramshackle collection of Communist enthusiasts—generally speaking, desperadoes who have nothing to lose. The Russians call these men 'Hooligani!'

From the moment the Red *régime* had to resort to mobilisation, its eventual downfall was certain. The majority of the nation being against it, the nationalised army mirrors the prevailing discontent. Evidence is to the effect that where a Red unit can muster five per cent. of enthusiastic Communist supporters (those in practice then being machine-gunners), it is as much as the Higher Command can hope for. Add to this (of our own reckoning) a good ten per cent. of theoretical sympathisers with 'Bolshevism' as distinct from 'Communism.'

But here the reader will dissent—as I dissented, before I went to Russia to see with my own eyes. How can five per cent. of enthusiasts carry into battle an unwilling ninety-five per cent. ?<sup>1</sup> Assume the extra ten per cent. of sympathisers to be drawn from the many areas yet left, where only the theory and not the practice of Bolshevik rule is known. What say they, as they march through devastated villages in their own land, and are made witnesses of executions and requisitions, of burning and pillage, all the time suffering the pangs of hunger in their own person ? How can any form of propaganda, however skilful, keep together such men with their one and a-half pound of inferior bread for each forty-eight hours, and their 400 roubles monthly pay, which suffices neither for the maintenance of their families nor for the sporadic purchases of food in the few villages which can still spare it ? The discipline in the Red Army being what it is, namely, that an officer's order, or the order of a man acting as an officer, is obeyed only if voluntarily agreed to, while the twelve commissars allotted to a Division alone can give a valid command ! These commissars (who so often bear non-Russian names), civilians camouflaged in uniform ! While the rank and file starve, they live in comparative luxury, imbibe the much coveted alcohol which is inaccessible to all others, feast and womanise. They are not even in the front line to watch. How is it done ?

The answer is, by sheer terror. Trotsky has long ago come to see that the organisation of his new armies must repose on the cadres of the old, dissolved at the beginning of the Revolution. He has launched his proclamations to the old officers surviving, and especially to the old N.C.O.s, stating clearly that no excuse to their forcible enrolment can be accepted. But why must these unfortunate serve a cause their heart disowns ?

Because a register is taken of all their people ; father, mother, wife, brothers, sisters, relations of all kinds, down to children of the age of three. They are plainly told that, if they betray the Red cause, which is ascertainable through a multitude of agents, vengeance will befall all whom they hold dear.

Unable to believe this, I asked : ' Surely you do not mean to tell me that there are Russians to be found ready to shoot down their brethren in cold blood—not to mention women and children ? ' I could only believe the reply when it came through 600 independent

<sup>1</sup> A precedent for tyrannous rule enforced by a minority is furnished by the French Revolution, the Gironde terrorising Paris with only 2500 bayonets. Similarly, the Spartacist outbreaks in Germany were the work of minorities.

witnesses, who stated that two units travel for this express purpose through Russia, as a kind of ambulating police force—one such *otriad* ('detachment') being Chinese, the other composed of Communist fanatics!

In civil war, they explained, nothing could be more dangerous than desertion. Its preparation was difficult, since no man dared confide in his neighbour; the bush is vast and belongs to all, and the risk is great of being shot by friend as well as foe. Besides, in such grave times, to wander through the wilderness without identification papers and food! How many had died on the way!

And then, what of the anguish for their families? Assuming even that, in some cases, their murder remained an idle threat, who was to feed them?

All this is dreadful—but just one account which agrees with a great many others, only to be contradicted by an even number to the contrary. Some of these are also drawn up by conscientious men. Whence the divergence?

The explanation is simpler than one would suppose. Russia is an immense country, which neither foreign war nor revolution can ransack in its entirety, even in the space of five years. There are large districts in the Red area which have never seen the Reds, in the White area which have never been in contact with the Whites. Nor is all Red rule bad. Some commissars are honest idealists, whose experiments in Communism may be endured for a while. I have a case in my mind, for example, of a commissar who took a horse from a rich peasant to give it to a poor woman whose husband was mobilised in the Red ranks. Attached was a certificate stating that no Red requisition, by any authority whatsoever, could deprive the old woman of her newly-acquired horse. Such instances are rare. But it speaks well for the insight of the peasants that, even before the Whites came, they annulled the transaction by consent, neither party liking such arbitrary redistribution of property.

Further, you may go into many villages garrisoned by mobilised Reds only. To make up for the iniquities of the Communist, they pay for all they consume. In small numbers, it is true, but, of their own free will, they attend church service on Sundays. There are limits to Trotsky's power. But woe to the recognised member of the Communist party who dared to enter a Christian place of worship! His brethren erect statues to Judas Iscariot.

The most wily of all are the peasants. Their instinct of self-preservation forbids them to take up arms so long as it can be



avoided. Remember, their capital is above-ground. Their accumulations of gold coins and furs are quickly buried in the woods; but their farms, horses, cows, are exposed to requisition,—their sons and farm hands to the recruiting agent.

Therefore, to escape the worst, they have often forestalled the Bolshevik arrival by the election of a village elder of advanced views to act as their Red commissar! Copious exhibition of the Red flag, and mild seizure of horses from peasants able to spare them, served to camouflage the sincerity of the new *starosta*. In the majority of cases this device worked well. Only in one instance, to my knowledge, the commissar so elected gave himself away when asked to sign a wholesale requisition order, and was dragged to prison. But the conscientious objector is rare in Russia. Were he in sufficient evidence, the Revolution could not live a day.

The truth is that hunger compels the peasant to formulate an extensive compromise with his conscience. Besides, the sham commissar, once he shows his hand on the arrival of the Whites, is exposed to subtle political blackmail.

Nevertheless, terrible as is Red rule, it is still possible to find areas immune from civil war, or enter villages ruled either by intrinsically benevolent Red commissars, or by men who deliberately act the part of the revolutionary for the time being *faute de mieux*.

Hence, by careful analysis only can the truth be ascertained.

One question, however, remains: What of the future of Russia? The Revolution being obviously on the decline, what form of government is to take its place?

Initially, beyond a doubt, a dictatorship, which is desired by all but the Communist Party ('Bolsheviks'). Even the Revolutionary Socialists ('Mensheviks') are for it.

Eight months ago there was still a great divergence of opinion. The dictatorship eventually terminated by assassination or consent, some wished the Federated Republic of Russia, some the Constitutional Monarchy (with their eyes riveted on England), some the same, but without too whole-hearted a compliance with the parliamentary system; others, the restoration of the old *régime*.

But times have changed. The nation has suffered too much to risk the experiment of Federalism over so immense a part of the globe, inhabited by people as yet culturally unfit for the responsibilities entailed. The peasants, practical above all, will not hear of the Federated States of Russia—so closely associated in their minds with masses of worthless paper currency.

The old *régime* likewise is dead. In name it can never be restored, even if the second Peter the Great were to arise, for whom the people yearn.

The Constitutional Monarchy is making rapid progress, and its eventual realisation is a problem of time and the man. The Románov family alone stands in the way; its reappearance on the Muscovite stage is not yet practical politics. But it is permissible to hope that, to the agonised nation, the man will come to secure its destiny. All he is wanted to bring is the guarantee of law and order.

Then Russia will recover. Her natural resources are immense as regards mineral wealth, agriculture and admirable waterways. Her labour supply is inexhaustible, and (in normal times) of good quality. Her economic structure is not nearly as complex as that of our Western European civilisation—space and resources are there, for all who are willing to work.

The greatest of Slav nations, in the hour of its trial, has found out its real friend, and the time is at hand when all the English have done will bear fruit. To-day, the kind of Russian whose sacrifice is required for the salvation of his country is too proud to acknowledge his dependence upon foreign help; but to-morrow, when he shall stand again by himself unaided, he will be too proud to disown it.

But we are told that nothing that we British can do will ever break the Teutonic influence. The answer is, Why should we waste energy in the prevention of a natural law? The German who has proved so poor a coloniser in other parts of the world has naturally a greater understanding of his eastern neighbour than we. But there is room for all in Russia for centuries to come.

Long ago leading politicians have made up their mind that, without countenancing the ruthless exploitation of Russia by the foreigner and for the foreigner, the nation can afford, and must give, legitimate concessions in return for help to speed her recovery. But that precisely is the preoccupation in the minds of many, that German predominance in the Russian market means not only economic exploitation, but political train-bearing as well. A similar reproach cannot be levelled against the English trader.

In the foregoing, we have referred to Lenin's break with Prussian Imperialism, but not to the continuance of his German orientation. To-day, as a last resort, Germany fishes in troubled waters. Sincerely, her forces are pitted against Bolshevism; but

hypocritically they also support it. Anything to keep confusion going, until the Western Democracies, losing their patience as well as their money, leave the field clear for her.

Of the 1905 Revolution, at which time the bulk of the Army remained loyal, we know that it took a full two years to stamp out open rebellion, and that for another three years the Army was required for the maintenance of order, in detriment to its training. Before the Premier (Stolypin) was found to reorganise the country—i.e. over a full period of three years of semi-military rule—no less than 646 General Officers Commanding had to be retired!

Taking into account the present exhaustion of the Bolshevik forces in the field, their growing difficulties of supply, shortage of rifles, etc., the changed mentality of the people and their yearning for peace, it is not unduly optimistic to envisage the final defeat of the Red Armies before the end of May 1920. This leaves the final settlement of the country, under military dictatorship, in effective force for a period of about five years.

Russia has Generals capable of assuming the task—Denikin and Judenich—of whom the last named is probably the most distinguished native soldier the country ever produced. Koltchak, younger than they, is more political in his colouring, and—be it remarked incidentally—far from reactionary.<sup>1</sup> *Slav discipline being intensely personal, sacrifice is made, not so much to a cause, as to the man who stands for it.*

All that is wanted is that the capitalist employer of labour should derive as clear a lesson from this great orgy or 'revolution' as the working-man is at last beginning to learn. Then will the days of the false prophets be shortened for the sake of the elect, who, through fire and through sword, have remained the true and loyal sons of Russia.

<sup>1</sup> The term 'counter-revolutionary,' in Bolshevik parlance, is very misleading, as it applies to every man 'who does not help our (Bolshevik) cause.' Hence it includes even a 'neutralist.'!

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NOTE.—In Dr. Hereward Price's article on 'Bolshevism' last month the second sentence in paragraph 2, p. 472, should read: '... I came upon the assertion that terror is no part of their programme. But I have shown that Lenin preached it twelve years before, etc.' 'No part' was misprinted 'one part.'  
—EDITOR.

## THE APE AND THE KEY.

'For so foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a Beast before Thee.'—  
Psalm lxxiii. 22.

"Now a little before it was day . . . Christian as one half-amazed, broke out into this passionate speech:

"What a fool," quoth he, "am I, to lie in a stinking dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty! *I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle.*" —'Pilgrim's Progress.'

### I.

THEY locked his cage; and through the bars  
They gave an Ape the key:  
From noon until he saw the stars,  
Hour after hour sat he,  
Still fumbling with the key.

He shook it, smelt it, pried about,  
All baffled and confused;  
He never found the secret out  
Of how the key was used,  
Tho' long he sat and mused.

And men, his captors, paused to mock  
(As still he pried and scanned),  
The Beast that fuddled with the lock,  
But could not understand  
Freedom was in his hand!

Yet there—to him, half-Beast, half-Man,  
Some far remembrance came,  
Of life before his days began  
In that stale cage of shame:  
Of savage joys that once he knew  
When he ran with his kind:  
Of raids on fields of fruits and dew:  
Of refuge he might find  
In forests deep and blind.

\* \* \* \* \*

## II.

I, too, imprisoned: walled apart:  
When I kneel down to pray,  
Hold always in my darkened heart  
A secret hope that may  
Turn darkness into day.

'Twould fit the door at which I knock  
If I could prove it true,  
Like a key of gold in a silver lock,  
And let my soul pass through.  
Yet—tho' the Oracles be dumb,  
And tho' I cannot see—  
To me, as to the Ape, there come  
Hints of what life might be,  
If once the soul got free.

For I have felt the wind that stirred  
The woods when Spring's begun;  
And I have seen the rose: and heard  
The mountain waters run:  
And watched the rising sun.

Yes—and a deeper sign than those  
(Tho' hidden from the wise)—  
The faith of Infancy—that knows  
The love which stills its cries;  
The breast whereon it lies.

So I believe . . . and then I doubt:  
I wonder day by day:  
I never find the secret out  
'God will not—or He may?'  
Bewildered, *still I pray.*

MARY FINDLATER.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT's affection for his numerous canine friends amounted almost to a passion, and evidence of this may be traced in his private letters, in his Journal, and throughout the Waverley Novels. Byron professed to love dogs for their unlikeness to men, but Scott, who took a broader and a deeper view, loved his dogs for the human traits which they possessed. He studied their different temperaments, enjoyed their companionship, and enriched the pages of his imaginative writings accordingly. His early life had thrown him much into the society of shepherds with their flocks and dogs, and we know from his own pen how deeply these first impressions left their mark.

The dull, depressing routine of the eighteenth-century Presbyterian Sunday, Scott has described in his autobiographical note. Attendance at divine service both morning and afternoon was rigorously enforced. But an occasional ray of sunshine penetrated 'the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another.' It is recorded that a Newfoundland dog belonging to the Scott family frequently found his way into church, and young Walter, who was always on the lookout for his four-footed friend, used to smuggle him into the pew for the remainder of the service. It was not by a chance occurrence that the Newfoundland invoked the assistance of the future Author of 'Waverley'—that bond of sympathy had been cemented by many a joyous prank during the preceding week!

In his early days Scott had a dog called Snap who was his constant companion and even slept in his bedroom. Snap was credited with extraordinary sagacity, and of course accompanied Scott on the excursions he made about this time attended by the young servant of the family, George Walkinshaw. Snap had a good deal of the bull-dog in him, and often annoyed Walkinshaw by engaging in mortal combat with dogs they happened to meet on the road. One day Snap attacked a collie without just cause, and Walkinshaw (whom Scott for some reason always called Donald) struck the dog across the head so sharply that blood was drawn. On seeing this, Scott raised his staff and cried 'Donald, I'll break your head for breaking Snap's. Do not hurt him again.' Walkinshaw stated in later life that during all their expeditions together

this was the only occasion when Scott showed sign of losing his temper.

While residing at Ashestiel—perhaps the happiest period of his life—Scott did not keep a carriage, and made his frequent journeys between Edinburgh and Tweedside in the mail-coach. He always had a canine favourite with him, and invariably took a seat for the dog as well as himself. No doubt the dog preferred running in front of the horses or coursing an odd roadside rabbit, but when he got tired there was his seat waiting for him beside the 'Shirra.' It is a delightful picture, and shows how deep was Scott's love of the mute, not the brute, creation. We are not told how, during wet weather, the other passengers in the coach regarded the dog being of their number.

When Scott made his first visit to London, since his childhood, in 1803 he was accompanied by his favourite, Camp. 'He was very handsome, very intelligent and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children.' Scott spoke to him as if the dog understood what was said, and Lockhart tells us Camp certainly did understand not a little of it. Camp died in Edinburgh in 1809 and was buried behind 39 Castle Street, immediately opposite the window of Scott's library. Lockhart adds:

'My wife told me that she remembered the whole family standing in tears about the grave, as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologised on account of the death of "a dear old friend"; and Mr. Macdonald Buchanan was not at all surprised that he should have done so when it came out next morning that Camp was no more.'

Camp's weakness for fighting is alluded to in the Introduction to Canto IV. of 'Marmion':

'At either's feet a trusty squire,  
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,  
Jealous, each other's motions viewed,  
And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.'

Camp's appearance is familiar through the Raeburn portraits of 1808 and 1809—the latter containing in addition the greyhounds Douglas and Percy. He was also painted by Howe, and this portrait Scott gave to Mr. Stevenson, Bookseller, Edinburgh, along



with an interesting account of the dog's origin and character. The letter to Mr. Stevenson was as follows :

'Camp was got by a black and tan English terrier called Doctor, the property of Mr. Storie, Farrier in Rose Street, about 1800, out of a thoroughbred English brindled bull-bitch, the property of Mr. John Adams of the Riding School, Adjutant to the Royal Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry. He was of great strength and very handsome, extremely sagacious, faithful and affectionate to the human species and possessed of a great turn for gaiety and drollery. Although he was never taught any tricks, he learned some of his own accord, and understood whatever was said to him as well as any creature I ever saw. His great fault was an excessive ferocity towards his own species, which sometimes brought his master and himself into dangerous scrapes. He used to accompany me always in coursing, of which he was a great amateur, and was one of the best dogs for finding hares I ever saw, though I have since had very fine terriers. At last he met with an accident which gave him a sprain in the back from which he never recovered, after which he could not follow when I went on horseback. The servants used to tell him when I was coming home. I lived then at Ashestiel, and there were two ways by which I might return. If the servant said, "Camp, your master is coming back by the hill," he ran to meet me in that direction. If the lad said "by the ford," he came down to the bank of the river to welcome me ; nor did he ever make a mistake in the direction named. I might mention many instances of similar sagacity. He was seldom scolded or punished, and except in his pugnacious propensities, I never saw so manageable a dog. I could even keep him from fighting so long as I had my eye on him, but if I quitted my vigilance for a moment he was sure to worry the dog nearest to him. . . . He lived till about twelve years old and might have lived longer but for the severe exercises which he had taken when young and a considerable disposition to voracity, especially where animal food was to be come by. . . . I may add that the breadth of his chest and broadness of his paws made him a capital water dog, and when I used to shoot wild ducks—which was not often—an excellent retriever.'

The above particulars were written nearly twenty years after Camp's death. In writing to Lady Abercorn about his 'poor deceased Camp' Scott said :

'My friends wrote as many elegies for him in different languages as ever were poured forth by Oxford or Cambridge on the death

of a crowned head. I have Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, German, Arabic and Hindostanee poems to his memory.'

Truly, Camp has his place with the Immortals. One might excuse Sir Walter Scott had he shared the philosophy of 'the poor Indian'—

'Who thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.'

With such a wealth of literary monuments to his credit, it is a pity there is nothing material on the site of Camp's grave in Castle Street. Surely such a favourite of so great a man should have something to record his place of burial. This seems the more proper when we remember that the interment was made by Scott's own hand. Let us hope, therefore, that when times permit a stone of appropriate design and suitably inscribed shall be placed to mark the spot and commemorate the name.

During Scott's tenancy of Ashestiel, Camp had two contemporaries, already referred to—the greyhounds, Douglas and Percy. The former was jet black, the latter fawn. In his 1809 portrait Raeburn has painted Percy in a manner worthy of Landseer. It is a beautiful composition: Scott has evidently been repeating some lines to himself—as was his habit when alone—and Camp (who of course understands the words!) is paying no heed, but the less intelligent greyhound is intently gazing into his master's face trying to discover what is taking place. While writing 'Marmion' in the dining-room at Ashestiel, which also served as a study, Scott left one window open so that these two greyhounds might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. As this practice was observed in all weathers there must have been many occasions when it suited the convenience of the 'grews' more than it did the comfort of the poet.

Skene tells us Scott's dogs were the usual inmates of his study, and to them many a good joke was addressed. He had great amusement in supposing what the observations of his dogs, could they utter them, would be on such occasions, diversified by their several characters and propensities.

Washington Irving, in his interesting account of Abbotsford, records some facts relating to Scott and his dogs:

'I may here mention,' he writes, 'another testimonial of Scott's fondness of his dogs, and his humorous mode of showing it, which I subsequently met with. Rambling with him one morning about the grounds adjacent to the house, I observed a small antique

monument, on which was inscribed in Gothic characters, "Cy git le preux Percy" (Here lies the brave Percy). I paused, supposing it to be the tomb of some stark warrior of the olden time, but Scott drew me on. "Pooh," cried he, "it is nothing but one of the monuments of my nonsense, of which you will find enough hereabouts." I learnt afterwards that it was the grave of a favourite greyhound.'

But perhaps the most famous of all Sir Walter's favourites was 'the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time,' which he got as a gift from Macdonell of Glengarry. In compliment to the donor this fine staghound was called Maida after the battle of that name where Glengarry had distinguished himself for valour. In writing to Terry, Scott describes Maida as being—'between a wolf and a deer greyhound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion; he is quite gentle, and a great favourite.'

In temperament he differed from Camp in so far that the Sheriff did not need to *keep his eye on him* to keep him from fighting. Maida has been immortalised in 'Woodstock' under the name of Bevis. He regularly attended Sir Henry Lee to church. 'Bevis, indeed, fell under the proverb which avers "He is a good dog which goes to church"; for bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them.' One cannot help thinking this passage was suggested by some vocal effort on the part of the Newfoundland already referred to. Maida was often painted—so often, in fact, that his master said he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes. The portrait of him by Landseer has been engraved and is well known. When old age prevented Maida from following his master far afield, Scott wrote:

'I have sometimes thought of the final cause of dogs having such short lives, and I am quite satisfied it is in compassion to the human race; for if we suffer so much in losing a dog after an acquaintance of ten or twelve years, what would it be if they were to live double that time?'

Maida died in the autumn of 1824 and was buried near the front door of Abbotsford. The grave is guarded by a monument which a local mason had sculptured and which had previously served as a leaping-on stone near the gate. The figure is that of Maida recumbent, and

Scott had carved on the stone a Latin couplet by way of epitaph, which he translated as follows

‘Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,  
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master’s door.’

The Latin couplet was the subject of newspaper correspondence both in Edinburgh and in London, as the second line contained a false quantity. This, with characteristic candour, Sir Walter frankly admitted in a letter to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, though apologists were not wanting to defend his prosody.

Subsequently Scott had two noble staghounds to replace Maida. Glengarry sent him Nimrod, and MacPherson of Cluny presented him with a fine dog of the same breed named Bran. Writing about these dogs in 1830 Scott refers to them as being of gigantic size and pleasant companions.

Scott’s habit of early rising is well known. Before he had written ‘Waverley’ he had adopted the practice of making a careful toilet and being at his desk by six o’clock in the morning, thus putting in several hours’ hard labour before breakfast. In regard to this excellent custom he used to say that he owed much to the ‘exemplary character and admonitions of his friend Wallace.’ Indeed, Scott said Wallace would not suffer him to rest after six in the morning, but in this matter we must take it the inclination of the poet agreed with that of his favourite. This dog was given Scott by Miss Dunlop of Dunlop, and was of high pedigree of the old shaggy Celtic breed. The name was chosen by Scott in honour of the donor, who, as readers of Burns will remember, was a descendant of the Guardian of Scotland.

When Washington Irving visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1817 (not 1816, as his Essay states) the mansion was in course of erection with scaffolding on the walls and the courtyard encumbered by masses of hewn stone. His account of his arrival shows Scott’s catholic taste in canine types.

‘The noise of the chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warden of the castle, a black greyhound; and leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. His alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs—

“Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,  
And curs of low degree,”

—all open-mouthed and vociferous. I should correct my quotation: not a cur was to be seen on the premises. Scott was too true a

sportsman, and had too high a veneration of pure blood, to tolerate a mongrel.'

The black greyhound here referred to was called Hamlet. He was a gift from Mr. St. Aubyn and was originally christened Marmion. When he 'arrived in great preservation, a little lean and qualmish, however, after his sea voyage,' he was a small puppy; and Scott, feeling a little sensitive regarding his name, proposed changing it to Harold. However, as we know from a letter to Terry, he obtained Mr. St. Aubyn's permission and changed Marmion's name (in respect of his inky cloak) to Hamlet.

During Irving's visit a regrettable incident occurred while host and guest were walking over the hills. Hamlet chased some sheep, killed one of them, and was caught red-handed—or rather red-mouthed—standing beside his victim. In a sheep-rearing countryside this was the unpardonable sin, and there seemed no hope of reprieve; but the Sheriff, forsaking the rôle of judge for that of advocate, lodged defences for the sable Prince of Denmark and said:

'Well, well, it's partly my own fault. I have given up coursing for some time past, and the poor dog has had no chance after the game, to take the fine edge off him. If he was put after a hare occasionally, he never would meddle with sheep.'

The truth of this observation was proved by Hamlet living to course many a hare without showing any desire to repeat this foul offence.

That Scott's interest in his dogs was not a mere fair-weather fancy, his Journal amply proves. In the dark days of December 1825, when threatened with absolute ruin so far as material things go, when confronted with a debt of some £130,000 and with the loss of Abbotsford—his Delilah, as he called it—he records his innermost feelings in his Journal. And therein is the man revealed. After some reflections regarding himself and his family he writes:

'I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.'

The Journal affords us another lattice through which we get a peep at the greatness of the man. Six months after the above extract was penned, when he had no longer a house in Edinburgh but was living in 'Mrs. Brown's lodgings' at 4 North St. David Street, we find this entry: 'Bilious and headache this morning. A dog howl'd all night and left me little sleep. Poor cur. I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine.' We know how at this time Scott was racked with anxiety and overwork, and what the loss of a night's sleep must have meant to him, yet the cur calls forth only a word of sympathy and fellow-feeling. This rises to the level of Burns when, addressing the little field-mouse, he calls himself 'thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow mortal.'

We are indebted to a guest at Abbotsford in 1830 for recording a characteristic act on the part of Scott:

'Another little incident in this morning's drive is worth remembering. We crossed several fords, and after the rain they were wide and deep. A little, long, wise-looking rough terrier, named Spice, which ran after us, had a cough, and as often as we came to a water, Spice, by the special order of her master, was let into the carriage till we had crossed. His tenderness to his brute dependants was a striking point in the general benignity of his character. He seemed to consult not only their bodily welfare, but their feelings, in the human sense. He was a gentleman even to his dogs.'

Few novelists of first rank have given so prominent a place to dogs among their 'characters' as Scott. A reverend and critical biographer says his dogs and horses are much better drawn than most other novelists' men and women. And there is much throughout the Waverleys to support that view. Bevis in 'Woodstock' has been referred to. His figure, as he walks across the page, makes him a fitting companion to the dignified old Royalist Baronet, and the loyalty of Bevis for his master was not less than the devotion of Sir Henry to the House of Stuart. In 'The Talisman,' the part played by the 'large stag greyhound,' Roswal, is of so important and dramatic a nature that he is well entitled to rank among the *dramatis personae*. It was only one with a true understanding of the canine character who could have penned the following account of Roswal in the camp of the Crusaders:

'The hound, however, had pressed out of the tent after them, and now thrust his long rough countenance into the hand of his

master, as if modestly soliciting some mark of his kindness. He had no sooner received the notice which he desired, in the shape of a kind word and slight caress, than, eager to acknowledge his gratitude and joy for his master's return, he flew off at full speed, galloping in full career, and with outstretched tail, here and here, about and around, crossways and endlong, through the decayed huts and the esplanade we have described, but never transgressing those precincts which his sagacity knew were protected by his master's pennon. After a few gambols of this kind, the dog, coming close up to his master, laid at once aside his frolicsome mood, relapsed into his usual gravity and slowness of gesture and deportment, and looked as if he were ashamed that anything should have moved him to depart so far out of his sober self-control.'

At a later stage of the tale, when Roswal has exposed the traitor Marquis of Montserrat, Richard Cœur-de-Lion is made to retort to the King of France :

'Royal brother, recollect that the Almighty, who gave the dog to be companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe, remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation ; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor : he is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.'

These words were delivered in the voice of Richard the First, but they flowed straight from the heart of Walter Scott. In 'Red-gauntlet' we have a dog of a different type, both in appearance and character, but perhaps, in his way, not less interesting. This is the lurcher which attended the little miscreant, Benjie, and assisted him in all his rustic enormities. The lurcher, we are told, 'was as lean and ragged and mischievous as his master,' and, what was of first importance to Benjie when poaching wild duck, 'was as dexterous on water as on land.' With such a record nothing but a shameful end may be expected, so we are not surprised when we learn the name of this lurcher is the ominous one of Hemp. By way of contrast we have Wasp in 'Guy Mannering,' a little terrier of blameless life and most domesticated habits. His education, in the eyes of Mr. Dinmont, had been sadly neglected, but we are fortunate in having that gentleman's views on the proper training of terriers :



'Ay, sir? that's a pity, begging your pardon, it's a great pity that; beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have six terriers at hame, forbye twa couple of slow-hunds, five grews, and a wheen other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard. I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens, then wi' stots or weasels, and then wi' the tods and brocks, and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't.'

Opinion may differ on the wisdom of keeping so many dogs in a house of such modest dimensions as Charlieshope, but it must be conceded that the prototype of Dandie Dinmont developed a breed of terrier of great charm. In a note to the novel, Scott says they were held in the highest estimation in his day, not only for vermin-killing but for intelligence and fidelity. He owned a number of them and, while adopting a more extended nomenclature than Dandie Dinmont, he 'stuck to the cruets.' At one time he had a Pepper, a Mustard, a Spice, a Ginger, a Catchup and a Soy.

Many of the other Waverleys show the same loving insight of the canine race. Indeed, this is so evident that it helped to reveal Scott as the writer of the novels at a time when he was anxious to maintain the mystery as to their authorship. In 1821 Mr. J. L. Adolphus published his delightful 'Letters,' in which he discussed the acknowledged poems and the anonymous novels and attempted to identify the author of 'Marmion' with the author of 'Waverley':

'A striking characteristic of both writers is their ardent love of rural sports, and all manly and robust exercises. But the importance given to the canine race in these works ought to be noted as a characteristic feature by itself. I have seen some drawings by a Swiss artist, who was called the Raphael of cats; and either of the writers before us might, by a similar phrase, be called the Wilkie of dogs. Is it necessary to justify such a compliment by examples? Call Yarrow, or Lufra, or poor Fangs, Colonel Mannering's Plato, Henry Morton's Elphin, or Hobbie Elliot's Kilbuck, or Wolf of Avenel Castle: see Fitz-James's hounds returning from the pursuit of the lost stag—

"Back limped with slow and crippled pace  
The sulky leaders of the chase";

or swimming after the boat which carries their master—

"With heads erect and whimpering cry  
The hounds behind their passage ply."

See Captain Clutterbuck's dog *quizzing* him when he misses a bird, or the scene of "mutual explanation and remonstrance" between the venerable patriarchs old Pepper and Mustard and Henry Bertram's rough terrier Wasp. . . . Or look at Cedric the Saxon, in his antique hall, attended by his greyhounds and slowhounds, and the terriers which "awaited with impatience the arrival of the supper; but with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbore to intrude upon the moody silence of their master." . . . In short, throughout these works, wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute in any way to the effect of a scene, we find there the very dog that was required, in his proper place and attitude.'

Sir Walter's affection for his dogs remained till the end. Before setting out on the journey to the Mediterranean in the hope of restoring his now broken health, he left with Laidlaw a paper of instructions as to the management of Abbotsford, and the last article repeats the caution to be 'very careful of the dogs.' We also know from Lockhart that while at Naples every one of the letters which Scott wrote to Laidlaw contained something about the poor people and the dogs at home. We know too, when he was carried to Abbotsford to die, how deeply he was affected by the welcome of his dogs—he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.' And in a few sad weeks it was the sleep of Death.

PERCY R. STEVENSON.

# WHERE IZAAK WALTON DIED.

BY JOHN VAUGHAN, M.A., CANON RESIDENTIARY  
OF WINCHESTER.

THERE is a peculiar fascination about an old house in which a great man has lived or died. It is akin to the charm of a rare volume with an interesting biography. The London County Council has done well in placing tablets on certain houses associated with distinguished citizens. We like to be reminded of Dr. Johnson in Fleet Street, and of Thomas Carlyle at Chelsea. The custom has been followed in other places. It is not unusual, even in country villages, to see a tablet affixed to a dwelling-house commemorating some former occupier.

The same association gives an additional interest to many official residences. How full of biographical reminiscences is Lambeth Palace, or the Deanery of Westminster. How many pilgrimages have been made to George Herbert's home at Bemerton, to Keble's Vicarage at Hursley, to Charles Kingsley's rectory at Eversley. So with many prebendal residences, which, in Cathedral cities, often cluster together beneath the shelter of the old minster. It is probable that the greater number of the more famous figures in English Church history since the Reformation were, at some period of their career, canons of a cathedral. But, strange as it may seem, it is not often possible to connect a prebendary with any particular residence. It is enough that such an individual, distinguished in his life-time as a preacher or a divine, was once a member of the Cathedral body: the residence he occupied is forgotten.

I was struck with this anomaly when, ten years ago, I became a member of the Chapter of Winchester. Quitting my old rectory on the banks of the Meon, I took up my residence in the Cathedral Close. There are few more peaceful spots to be found anywhere. It occupies the precincts of St. Swithun's Priory. It is protected on the north side by what Tennyson calls 'the long low minster,' and on the south and west by the lofty monastic walls. Its ancient gateway, its mediæval remains, its prebendal residences scattered about the enclosure, its fine trees and quiet lawns, give it a sense of calm tranquillity that cannot be gainsaid. It is a very haunt

of ancient peace. The Close possesses, in addition to the Deanery and the Porter's Lodge, and the picturesque timbered dwelling-house known as Cheney Court, ten houses for the use of prebendaries. Until the middle of the last century the number was twelve; but in 1840 the Capitular body was reduced from twelve to five prebendaries, when two of the smaller and less convenient houses were pulled down. These ten existing houses doubtless assumed their present form soon after the Restoration. Great havoc was wrought in the Close during the period of the Commonwealth, and it became necessary to rebuild several of the houses, while all of them needed much restoration. The actual date of this work may in some cases be seen on the houses themselves, and other indications point to their completion in late Jacobean times.

I had not long been settled in my beautiful residence, with its panelled rooms, its wide dark-oak staircase, its fine plastered cornice-work of fruit and flowers enriched with heraldic shields, its enormous roof-beams which formerly had sheltered the Pilgrims' Hall, before the thought of my predecessors began to occupy my mind. A large number of prebendaries, some two hundred and fifty, had lived in the Close since the dissolution of the monastery. All of them, it is true, were not famous men. But the names of some are enshrined in the 'Dictionary of National Biography': a few were known in the world of letters: others were men of character and distinction in their day and generation. I began to wonder in which of the houses my more celebrated predecessors had lived. Who had occupied the pleasant residence which had fallen to my lot? Whose coat of arms, in seventeenth-century glass, figured above the doorway leading into the garden? Several rectors of Droxford, my old living in the Meon Valley, had become prebendaries of the Cathedral—Nicholas Preston, and Dr. Hawkins, and Archdeacon Fulham, and William Garnier:—in which houses did they reside? So with that interesting group of Latitudinarian divines—Dr. Alured Clarke, Dr. Sykes, Dr. Balguy, and others—which residences did they respectively occupy? Or John Mulso, the lifelong and intimate friend of Gilbert White:—it would be interesting to know in which house the prebendary was wont to receive the great naturalist of Selborne. Or Dr. Warton, the celebrated Headmaster of Winchester College, and the friend of Dr. Johnson—which was his residence, in which he produced the famous editions of Pope and Dryden? Above all, which was the house occupied by Dr. William Hawkins? For Dr. Hawkins was

the son-in-law of Izaak Walton; and where Dr. Hawkins lived, there during the last seven years of his long life Izaak Walton lived with him (whenever he was in residence at the Cathedral), there the old fisherman made his Will, and there he died. Which, I say, was the house in which Izaak Walton lived and died? That he died in the Close of Winchester was, of course, known. That he died in the residence of Dr. Hawkins was also known. But which was Dr. Hawkins' residence?

To these and similar questions I could find no answer. No man knew. Not even the faintest tradition remained. All knowledge on the subject had passed away as a tale that is told. But I did not abandon my inquiries. The Chapter-books in the Cathedral library were diligently searched, but in vain. Other old books and documents yielded no better results. The houses themselves I carefully examined, hoping to find some trace or indication of their former occupants. In a few instances, a coat of arms, emblazoned in glass, or carved in oak, told its own tale; and now and again some initials, cut in stone or wood, revealed a probable occupier. But very little could I discover. Indeed, I had almost ceased to expect that it would ever be possible to associate particular residences with the prebendaries who had occupied them.

However, only a few weeks ago, the unexpected happened. One afternoon the librarian of the Cathedral brought over to my residence a tall, parchment-bound ledger-book, which he had found among a lot of 'rubbish' stowed away in an old oak settle in the south transept of the Cathedral. It had the words 'Wainscott Book' written in faded ink on the cover, and it contained many entries in a difficult seventeenth-century handwriting. I was laid up at the time, and my good friend thought that possibly the old ledger-book might amuse me. He was not mistaken. The merest glance at its contents was sufficient to show that here was a mine of information with regard to the prebendal houses and their former occupants. A closer examination made the use and purposes of the book clear. It had been decided at the time of the Restoration that, while the houses in the Close should be rebuilt 'at the general charge of the Church,' yet that—

'all manner of wainscott of the several houses of Mr. Deane and the severall prebendaries shal be made and finished at their owne proper charges respectively, by the particular owner of every such house, they or their executors to be paid for the same by their successors—abating one fowerth parte of the charge thereof.'

This was decided by the Dean and Chapter on Dec. 1, 1662, in the presence of George Morley, Bishop of Winchester. The newly-found Wainscot Book proved to be the account-book, kept by the Chapter clerk, consequent upon this arrangement. It gives (under the headings of the different houses) the sum of money expended by a prebendary on wainscot and other improvements and the sum 'one fowerth parte being deducted, according to the custom of the church' to be duly paid by his successor—stating in most cases the names of the said prebendaries. It is, in short, the book of Fixtures, to be taken over by successive occupiers of prebendal houses. Unfortunately the record is strangely imperfect and incomplete, and dates are sadly wanting; but such as it is, the Wainscot Book throws much interesting light upon what hitherto has been a very obscure subject, and enables us, in a large number of instances, to discover the names of prebendaries who occupied particular houses.

The book begins with the period immediately following the Restoration, although during the seventeenth century six only of the twelve houses are dealt with. During the eighteenth century the record however is fairly complete, and a good deal of information has been obtained. That the residences differed much in comfort and convenience is clear, for we find the Chapter petitioning Charles II. to permit them so far to alter the statutes of the Cathedral as to allow the prebendaries, in the order of their seniority, to change houses as vacancies occurred. The result of this new, but most reasonable arrangement, was that not infrequently there was a good deal of shifting of residences in the Close. The senior canons naturally moved into the better houses, and the new-comer had to content himself with what he could get. Indeed several of the residences came to be regarded simply as resting-places, to be put up with for a while, until in the course of time a better dwelling could be obtained.

My first endeavour, in dealing with the Wainscot Book, was to discover, if possible, the residence of Dr. Hawkins, and therefore the house in which Izaak Walton died. It would be thrilling indeed if I could discover this. Every little detail in the career of the old fisherman is treasured up by a large circle of enthusiastic admirers. Witness the late discussion in *The Times* with reference to his supposed fishing-creel. What would not be the excitement if the house in which he died could be identified! Some years ago, in the pages of *Longman's Magazine*, I recorded the result of my

researches with regard to Izaak Walton's connexion with Droxford. I there showed that Dr. Hawkins was rector of that parish as well as prebendary of Winchester, and that therefore the allusions to Droxford in Walton's will were fully accounted for; that he had lived in the old rectory, still standing on the banks of the Meon, with his daughter and son-in-law; and that several of those to whom he left memorial rings were parishioners of Droxford, among others, Mr. John Darbyshire the curate, and Mr. Francis Morley, squire of the village, both of whom are buried in Droxford church. I mentioned, of course, that it was during one of Dr. Hawkins' 'residences' at the Cathedral that Izaak Walton died; but in which house in the Close the event took place, I knew not and no man knew. Perhaps the Wainscot Book might reveal it. I had long associated in my mind, from several trivial indications, the second house on the right-hand side in Dome Alley as the probable residence of Dr. Hawkins. Its position in the Close seemed to correspond with an allusion to Dr. Hawkins' garden which I found in a contemporary document; and moreover the initials *W. H.* with the date 1683, cut in a stone on the north side of the house, might refer to our prebendary. To my great satisfaction the conjecture proved to be correct. The very first entry in the Wainscot Book with reference to this house was the payment by

'William Hawkins, Dr. of Divinity, one of ye prebendaries of the Cathedral Church of Winchester, to Mrs. Frances Preston, relict of Dr. Nicholas Preston who was predecessor to the seyde William Hawkins, for the wainscott in his dwelling-house, the sum of twenty-seaven pounds twelve shillings fower pence halfpenny.'

This was a discovery of more than passing interest. Dr. Nicholas Preston had been Dr. Hawkins' predecessor at Droxford, and he lies buried in Droxford Church; and now Dr. Hawkins was to succeed to Dr. Preston's residence at Winchester, as he had already succeeded to his rectory at Droxford. The Mrs. Francis Preston, to whom the wainscot-money was paid, lies in the retrochoir of the Cathedral. The date of the transaction, as confirmed by the Dean and Chapter, was, as the Wainscot Book shows, November 28, 1676. This was the very year in which William Hawkins married Ann the only daughter of Izaak Walton. It is clear therefore that on his marriage Dr. Hawkins took possession of the house in Dome Alley that had formerly belonged to Dr. Preston; that there he brought home his bride; and also took his aged father-in-law



to live with them. It is further clear that Dr. Hawkins continued to reside in the same house, probably until his death in 1691, certainly till the year 1685 when, as the Wainscot Book shows, he panelled his 'new parlour' and also 'the Roome over it, as far as the wainscoting would go.' At the time of his daughter's marriage Izaak Walton was in his eighty-fourth year; but he had still some seven years (1676-1683) to live, and we may think of him as spending this closing time,

'serene and bright,  
And calm as is a Lapland night,'

with his daughter and Dr. Hawkins, partly in the house up Dome Alley in Winchester Close, and partly in the old rectory at Droxford. In both places he was happy in the society of congenial friends. At Winchester he was specially fortunate. There was then living in the Close, in a house to the east of the Deanery, now unfortunately pulled down, his relative Thomas Ken, prebendary of the Cathedral, 'the poor little black fellow,' as Charles II. called him, the author of our Morning and Evening hymns, who afterwards became Bishop of Bath and Wells. There was good Bishop Morley, an old friend of forty years' standing, then engaged in building Wolvesey Palace, on the other side of the Close walls. There was Seth Ward, a prebendary of the Cathedral, living up Dome Alley, nearly opposite to the residence of Dr. Hawkins. And there was Dr. Abraham Markland, also Master of St. Cross, who took possession of Mr. Seth Ward's house in Dome Alley in 1681, and who was also Walton's near neighbour at Droxford, holding the adjoining parishes of Soberton and Meonstoke. It is pleasant to think of this company of good men, and to be able to associate them with their respective residences in the Close.

In February 1678 a son was born to William and Ann Hawkins in the Close at Winchester, and it must have been a happy occasion to Izaak Walton when, on the 24th of the month, his little grandson was baptised in the great Norman Font of Winchester Cathedral. Later on a daughter was born, and christened Ann after her mother. We can imagine how the old fisherman of ninety years would delight in taking one of his grandchildren for a 'gentle walk to the river,' when, from the summer-house in Mr. Ken's garden, he would point out 'the great store of trouts' in 'the gliding stream.' On August 9, 1683, Izaak Walton began to make his will, being, he says, 'this present day in the ninetyeth yeare of my age, and in perfect

memory for which prayed be God.' The will was clearly made in the Close, and not at Droxford, for he speaks of himself as 'I, Izaak Walton, the elder, of Winchester.' In very affectionate terms does the old man mention his 'sonne in law' Dr. Hawkins 'whom,' he says, 'I love as my owne sonn.' In addition to substantial property, he leaves to him and to 'my daughter his wife,' a number of little mementos, including a ring each, with these words 'Love my memory. I.W. obiit——.' To Dr. Hawkins he also gives 'Dr. Donne's Sermons,' and to his daughter 'Doctor Sibbs his Bruised reed,' 'and alsoe all my books at Winchester and Droxford and whatever in those two places are or I can call mine.' With regard to his burial he writes, 'I desire my buriall may be neare the place of my death and free from any ostentation or charge but privately.' The will, with its 'Codicell for rings,' sixteen in number, was not completed until October 24, when Dr. Markland was fetched over from his residence on the other side of Dome Alley to witness his friend's signature. Having signed his will, Izaak Walton sealed the same with the gold signet-ring that Dr. Donne had given him, in which was set 'a bloodstone with the figure of the Crucified, not on the Cross, but on an anchor, as the emblem of hope.' For some few weeks longer the old man lived, when the memorable frost of December 1683 proved too much for his frail constitution, and he passed peacefully away in one of the chambers of his son-in-law's residence on the 15th of the month. Four days later, on December 19, his body was carried from Dr. Hawkins' residence, along Dome Alley, and across the Close, and laid quietly to rest 'without ostentation' in Prior Silkstede's Chapel in the south transept of the Cathedral. A large black marble slab was afterwards placed over his remains, with an inscription believed to have been written by Thomas Ken; and quite recently the east window above his grave has been filled with stained glass in memory of the 'honest fisherman,' who passed the last years of his honoured life in the uppermost house on the right side of Dome Alley in the Close of Winchester.

'The house next ye Dean's stable,' as the Wainscot Book calls No. 3, i.e. the residence adjoining the mediæval guest-house or Pilgrims' Hall, and built partly within it, was allotted to Dr. John Nicholas, Warden of College, known to all Wykehamists as the builder of 'School.' He was appointed prebendary by Bishop Morley in 1684, three months after the death of Izaak Walton; and having finished 'School' in 1687, he at once set

about putting his prebendal residence into order. From the many points of similarity between the decoration of 'School' and that of No. 3, it would seem that Dr. Nicholas employed the same architect, believed to be Sir Christopher Wren, or at any rate the same workmen. The cornice-work at the top of the wide oaken staircase of No. 3, decorated with the Nicholas coat of arms, corresponds to the cornice-work of 'School,' and the fine oak panelling is of the same pattern. Our Wainscot Book gives particulars of this later work. It appears that Dr. Nicholas spent the sum of £73 19s.—a considerable sum in those days—on wainscott-work, giving as much as 6s. 6d. a yard for the wide oak boards with which he panelled 'the parlor and drawing-Rome.' It was completed in 1687, as the Wainscot Book shows, the same date appearing on the fine leaden guttering of the house. For twenty-four years Dr. Nicholas enjoyed the comfort of his residence, dying in 1711, when he was buried in the Cathedral, not far from the grave of Izaak Walton. The house of Dr. Nicholas, as the Wainscot Book reveals, was afterwards occupied by several distinguished prebendaries. Another College warden, Dr. John Cobb, held it for a short time. He was followed by Mr. Anthony Alsop, a classical scholar of high reputation at Oxford, who, when tutor of Christ Church, had published a selection of Aesop's fables in Latin verse, which Warton, in his 'Essay on Pope,' speaks of as 'exquisitely written.' Indeed, we are told that his skill in Latin composition was such that 'he was not unjustly esteemed inferior only to his master Horace.' He was chaplain to Bishop Trelawny, who appointed him to the rectory of Brightwell in Berkshire, and to his prebend at Winchester. His career, however, had a tragical ending. We learn from the *Reading Post* of June 22, 1726, that—

'on the night of the 10th of June, about 11 o'clock, as Mr. Alsop was walking beside a small brook in his garden in the Close, the ground gave way under his feet, which threw him into the brook, where he was found dead the next morning.'

He was interred somewhere in the Cathedral, as the Register shows, on June 14; but as regards the actual spot of his burial, 'no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'

Later on, the residence was occupied by 'a very clever man,' appointed by Bishop Hoadly, 'without any manner of application,' direct or indirect, on his behalf! Dr. John Butler was Chaplain

to the Bishop of Norwich, and became a popular preacher in London. One sermon, preached before the Sons of the Clergy, was described by a contemporary as 'a mighty clever sermon.' In 1760 he became a prebendary of Winchester, and later on was made Archdeacon of Surrey. During the American war he issued a number of political pamphlets, strongly supporting the policy of Lord North. In 1777 he was appointed Bishop of Oxford: and during his occupancy of that See he assisted Dr. Woide in transcribing the far-famed Alexandrine MS. of the Bible. He was afterwards translated to the bishopric of Hereford. Dr. Butler did much to improve still further the residence by the Dean's stables. He spent over £100 on wainscot, and 'marble chimney pieces,' and other improvements; and most generously, on becoming Bishop of Oxford, he refused to accept the 'wainscot-money' due to him, but made it over as 'a benefaction for the use of the church.' He was succeeded by another prebendary of the name of Butler, who signs himself 'Will Butler,' who eventually became Bishop of Exeter. At the beginning of the last century the house was occupied for some years by Prebendary Edmund Poulter, a county magistrate of considerable notoriety who figures in the pages of Cobbett's 'Rural Rides.' He was followed by Mr. William Garnier, another rector of Droxford, and brother of the Dean of that name.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, a number of able men, members, most of them, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and belonging to the Latitudinarian party in the Church, became prebendaries of the Cathedral. Most of them owed their position to Bishop Hoadly, who is conspicuous among the bishops of Winchester for the high standard of his appointments to posts of dignity and importance. Among this interesting set of men, Dr. Alured Clarke, a fellow of Corpus, deserves honourable mention as the founder of the Winchester County Hospital, the first institution of its kind in this country outside London. In the year 1741 he became Dean of Exeter (while retaining his canonry at Winchester), when he founded a similar establishment in the Cathedral city of the west. Our Wainscot Book reveals the prebendal residence of this excellent man, who had made a resolution never to enrich himself out of the emoluments of the Church. His house in the Close—it is strange and fitting to remember—was the one consecrated during the war by its use as a Red-Cross hospital, but now again utilised as the Judges' Lodgings—a fact which, we do not doubt, will prove of interest to those learned administrators of the law

who, from time to time, occupy the ancient residence. Dr. Alured Clarke was succeeded in No. 4, as the house is now called, by Chancellor Hoadly, son of the bishop, who, like his predecessor, was a member of Corpus College, Cambridge, and was also conspicuous for his public generosity, a virtue in which our Latitudinarian prebendaries excelled. A contemporary of Chancellor Hoadly's on the Chapter was Dr. Arthur Ashley Sykes, another member of Corpus, and also appointed by Bishop Hoadly. He was a voluminous writer and controversialist, the British Museum catalogue containing over eighty entries in his name. He defended Hoadly, vindicated Bentley, answered Waterland, and supported Clarke in the Arian controversy. With Dr. Clarke he was on terms of intimacy, and acted as his assistant preacher at St. James', Westminster. His residence at Winchester, it is interesting to discover, was the pleasant house standing on rising ground near the west-end of the Cathedral. Dr. Sykes died of paralysis in London in 1756, and was buried in the Church of St James', Westminster, thus making way, so far as his Winchester residence was concerned, for Dr. Edmund Pyle, who moved into it from one of the inferior houses in Dome Alley.

Dr. Edmund Pyle was a prebendary of some distinction. He had been private Chaplain to Bishop Hoadly, and was also Archdeacon of York, and Chaplain-in-ordinary to George II. He was a Corpus man, and possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of keen and pregnant criticism, whether of men or of affairs, which finds expression in a volume of his correspondence, published a few years ago under the title of 'Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain.' Dr. Pyle was very pleased with his new residence 'on the mount,' as it was termed, sorry though he was to lose his 'good friend Sykes, who besides his other valuable qualities was,' he says, 'an excellent member of our Cathedral.' Dr. Pyle considered his new residence to be 'the very best house in Winchester Close': he spent over £200 on it, he tells us; and when, some years later, he was offered by Bishop Hoadly the Mastership of St. Cross—a very lucrative position in those days—he could not bring himself to give up his 'pretty house and garden for a nasty dwelling in a dirty boggy village, a mile and half off any conversible person, in an old rats'-hall, that is worse than Magdalene College First Court, at Cambridge.' For twenty years Dr. Pyle enjoyed the Cathedral stall, which, he says, is 'called a very charming thing, and so it is'; dividing his time between his beloved residence, his duties as Archdeacon

in Yorkshire, and his attendance as Chaplain at Court. It was found at his death, as the Wainscot Book shows, that he had made over to the Chapter the many improvements to his residence that he had carried out, declining to receive for the same any 'wainscot-money.' He also left the bulk of his fortune, nearly £10,000, in charity—bequeathing it to Bishop Morley's College for the distressed widows of clergymen on the north side of the Cathedral. Another member of the same set, also appointed by Bishop Hoadly, was Dr. Ayscough, 'a Winchester man born and bred in the College there,' who eventually became Dean of Bristol. He occupied the residence next to Dr. Pyle's, which was pulled down in the last century. But the ablest man among the Winchester Latitudinarians was probably Dr. Thomas Balguy, also Archdeacon of Winchester, who owed all his preferments, he tells us, to 'the favour and friendship of good Bishop Hoadly.' Pyle speaks of him as a very agreeable and 'special clever man.' He occupied the residence, as we learn from the Wainscot Book, with the steep gables and stone mullions, now known as No. 9, which is probably one of the most ancient houses in the Close. For many years he had been lecturer on moral philosophy at Cambridge, and was an author of some distinction. On the death of Warburton, he was offered the See of Gloucester, but declined it on the ground of feeble health and failing eyesight. He lived however for many years afterwards, dying at length in his prebendal house, when he was buried in the Cathedral, where a monument in the south aisle may be seen to his memory.

It is a matter of much interest that our Wainscot Book enables us to identify the residence of John Mulso, who was prebendary of the Cathedral from 1770 to 1791. For Mulso was the intimate and lifelong friend of Gilbert White of Selborne. The great naturalist must have often paid a visit to the Close, and have stayed in the medieval residence his friend occupied. Its antiquarian associations must surely have rejoiced his heart. For Mulso's residence, into which he moved after a few months' waiting in Dome Alley, and in which he continued to dwell until his death twenty years later, was the house with the vaulted chamber, on the west side of the Close, now known as No. 10. In addition to the vaulted chamber of the time of King Stephen, the house possesses a beautifully panelled 'parlour above staires,' the windows of which contain some fine specimens of early heraldic glass. Among the coats of arms there represented are those of Dr. White, who was

prebendary from 1554 to 1574, thus carrying us back in thought to the years immediately following the Reformation. On the carved oak mantelpiece is the heraldic shield of Abraham Browne, who became prebendary in 1581, and who held the position for forty-five years. According to tradition this chamber was the resting-place of the body of Stephen Gardiner, the last Roman Catholic bishop of Winchester, on its arrival from Southwark in February 1555/6, before it was finally deposited in the Chantry prepared for it in the Cathedral. It is easy to imagine how these historical associations would have appealed to Gilbert White, who was almost as keen an antiquary as he was a naturalist. In Mulso's correspondence with his friend there are several allusions to the classic 'History of Selborne,' which appeared in 1788. Writing to Gilbert White from his residence in the Close, he says, 'your book was mentioned with Respect by our Chapter (a full one) and the volume ordered to be bought for the Library.' Again, 'Mr. Lowth and Dr. Sturges (both able men) admire your book, particularly the Natural History. Among others Dr. Warton is excessively pleased with it.' The copy 'ordered to be bought' is still in the Cathedral Library, a first edition of the immortal work. Another interesting association with John Mulso's residence is the fact that his sister, Mrs. Hester Chapone, was accustomed, after the death of her husband, to spend much of her time in the Close at Winchester. In her earlier days she had contributed to the pages of Dr. Johnson's 'Rambler'; and was soon recognised as an accomplished member of the blue-stocking circle. Richardson delighted in her sprightly conversation, and she frequently visited the novelist at North-End. She was the author of a large number of Essays; but her most noteworthy performance, written for the instruction of her niece, John Mulso's daughter, was an educational work, entitled 'Letters on the Improvement of the Mind,' which passed through many editions. Gilbert White was on terms of close friendship with Mrs. Chapone, and it is likely that they often met in John Mulso's residence beneath the shadow of the Cathedral.

Our last prebendary must be Dr. Warton, the famous Headmaster of Winchester College, 'a man of greater celebrity, as regards his general reputation, than any other who has filled that station.' He was appointed prebendary of the Cathedral in 1788, not, it is interesting to notice, by the Bishop of the diocese, but by William Pitt the Prime Minister. Two years after his installation, on the death of Sir Peter Rivers Gay, Bart., he took possession of



the first house on the right-hand side in Dome Alley, paying to Lady Rivers for fixtures and wainscot-money the sum of £117. In that house Dr. Warton lived, when in residence at the Cathedral, until his death in 1800. His time was divided between the rectory of Wickham on the banks of the river Meon, and his house in the Close of Winchester. Until the Wainscot Book was discovered, no one knew which residence in the Close was associated with Dr. Warton and his friends. For he had a large circle of distinguished friends, which included Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, and other celebrities. They were all getting on well in years when Dr. Warton was appointed to his stall at Winchester, but it is not impossible that he may have received a few of them in his residence in Dome Alley. Certainly that residence must have witnessed some of his literary labours. During the last ten years of his life he was busily engaged on the works of Pope and of Dryden. His annotated edition of Pope's works, in nine volumes, appeared in 1797, when he at once began a similar edition of Dryden. He lived to publish two volumes, and had other two ready for the press, when death overtook him in his rectory at Wickham, on February 23, 1800. By his own desire his remains were conveyed to Winchester, and interred in the north aisle of the nave of the Cathedral by the side of his first wife.

Such are some of the revelations contained in the parchment-covered Wainscot Book, which the librarian ferreted out of the old oak chest in the Cathedral, and brought over to my residence a few weeks ago. The interest which the book has given me is great. And it occurred to me that others, beside myself, when on a visit to Winchester, might desire perhaps to share the pleasure of gazing on the prebendal residences of such interesting personalities as Dr. Hawkins and Dr. Nicholas, as Mr. Anthony Alsop and Prebendary Pyle, as 'old Sykes' and Archdeacon Balguy, as John Mulso and Dr. Warton. At any rate, many will be found to view with unaffected interest and delight the house in Dome Alley in which the grand old man, beloved alike in England and America, 'the prince of fishermen' and 'the prince of biographers,' spent the last years of his long and honoured life; and in which, at length, doubtless in one of the panelled chambers, he breathed his last on that bitter December day, shortly before Christmas, in the year 1683.

## BLACK PEARLS.

BY ALICE BROWN.

WHEN Dana West shipped to China and the Straits, he knew, he told Judge Pemberton, in their last talk together, no more than the dead what he should find to do there. But he wanted, he said, to earn as much as a man could earn in three years, and then come back again. For some reason the East beckoned him. He saw it in 'pearls and gold.' The judge gave him a letter to a commercial friend of his, and wrote him from time to time through his three years' stay, giving him a painstaking chronicle of the neighbourhood news, and when Dana did come back he made his way straight to the judge, only a middle-aged man at that time, and found him slaughtering dandelions in the yard. The judge saw him coming, straightened from his task, and put out a ready hand.

'Young Dana,' said he, 'I should know that crop of yellow hair if I saw it in China.'

Dana laughed and said a good many folks had seen it in China. He was immensely pleased to be back and to hear the judge's voice. They shook hands and stood looking at each other. Dana was as tall as the judge, and sinewy, with a tanned face, gray-blue eyes, and thick hair, light gold, standing up straight from his forehead. He had the Norse colouring. But he was not of the race of vikings. He was pure New England and took back to Devon, and now, when he found himself within the rock-bound coast of home, he dropped without thought into Tenterden's common speech.

'I've come to you first, sir,' said he, 'because—well, of course I would, anyway, but, besides, I wanted to see if you had a job for me.'

The judge pursed his lips, a way he had, in a soundless whistle. Sometimes, when he was at work about the place, he did find himself making that hissing considered appropriate to currying a horse.

'Any kind you've got,' said Dana. 'Anything under the sun to keep me round here a spell.'

'Got home for good?'

'Depends,' said Dana. He took out his jack-knife and also began slaughtering dandelions with a stab and a pull. 'I'd

be glad if you wouldn't mention it, sir, but I'm goin' to look round and maybe get a little place. But that's all in the air. I can't make up my mind to anything till I talk it over with Althea Buell.'

'Oh!' said the judge. They were now digging side by side. 'Seen her yet?'

'No,' said Dana. 'I thought I'd drop down on you first and find out whether there's anything for me to do, and that would give me an excuse for hangin' round. I don't want to plump it at her. We'll have to get a little acquainted first.'

'Well,' said the judge. He rose and stretched himself and looked thoughtfully at the lawn as if he had lost heart. Then he broke out irritably, 'Why the dickens didn't you ask her before you went away?'

'Why,' said Dana, also rising from his task, so that they fronted each other, handsome man to handsome man, 'when I went away Althea wa'n't quite sixteen. And that wa'n't the whole of it. She was younger'n her years. I thought I never'd tell anybody this, judge, but I guess I can tell you. I come on her down the back o' the house, one afternoon—that was just before I made up my mind I'd sail—and what do you s'pose she was doin'? I'll be darned if she wa'n't spreadin' out clo'es and waterin' 'em with a little waterin'-pot. And what do you s'pose them clo'es were, judge? Why, they were dolls' clo'es—dolls'!'

The judge nodded slightly and a beautiful look crept round his fine mouth.

'Maybe,' said he, 'she was just washing 'em up to put 'em away for good.'

'Maybe she was. I ain't sayin' she wa'n't. But if you'd seen her look at 'em! I turned round and made off, and the next week you were givin' me a letter to Shanghai. I know a chap, judge, an English chap, mighty good fellow, too, and he said once, speakin' about a girl that wa'n't old enough to be plagued with marryin' and that sort o' thing, "She ain't husband-high." Ain't that pretty? Well, I didn't know what to call it then, when I put off talkin' to Althea, but that's what it was. She wa'n't husband-high.'

'Did you write to her?' asked the judge, heavily.

He was growing grave over the situation, though Dana did not at once see this.

'Yes, off 'n' on. But I ain't much of a hand with a pen.'

'She answer you?'

‘Once, just once, a funny kind of a letter. Didn’t tell anything, except her mother and grandsir had died, and grandma had come to live with her on the old place. And she was in hopes of gettin’ the school.’

‘Well,’ said the judge, frowning, ‘she did get it. And a very good little teacher she’s made. But I wish you’d come home sooner, Dana, or I wish you hadn’t gone. It never’ll do to leave a flower in bud and think you’ll go back and pick it next day. Sure as you’re born, somebody else’ll get ahead of you.’

The bright colour died out under Dana’s tan. He moved forward a pace or two uncertainly, as if he had been dealt a blow, and thrust his hands savagely into his pockets because he felt them trembling.

‘Then,’ he said, ‘there’s somebody else?’ All the life had gone from his face.

The judge began as if he foresaw a weary capitulation.

‘There’s a kind of a travelling salesman going round the country; has tea, and very good tea it is, too. And after his first trip he always stayed overnight with Althea and her grandmother. I wrote you that two weeks ago.’

‘That all?’ said Dana, rather wanly, plucking up spirit. ‘What’s a tea-drummer? I’ve been where tea grows.’

‘Well,’ said the judge, still with his air of being an unwilling witness, ‘I don’t know how far I ought to bring my wife into this, but one evening she went over when Grandma Buell was ailing some way or other, and Althea and the tea-man were walking up the garden path, and Althea had on a white dress and the tea-man’s arm was round her waist.

The blood came into Dana’s face with a rush that blinded him.

‘Damn him!’ said he. ‘Oh, damn him, sir, damn him!’

‘Yes,’ said the judge, sympathetically, ‘by all means. Only it won’t do any good, you know. It never does.’

Dana stood in silence for a moment, looking at the broad slope where the tree shadows lay delightfully, and as still as he. It was a windless day—the world at that top note of riot and fulfilment which is June. A robin said something eloquently from the old elm by the gate, and another answered him. Dana might have been listening to the birds and not to the surge of his own whelming art. Suddenly he turned to the judge.

‘Look here, sir,’ said he. ‘I ain’t supposed to know this. I guess I’ll go right ahead same’s if I didn’t know. So far as I can see, that’s all there is for me to do.’

'All right,' said the judge. His face cleared up because it made it so much simpler to find a man who was taking it like a man. 'Now Dennis is in the stable chamber. Yes, same old Dennis. But the shed chamber's empty, and if you want it I guess we can find you jobs enough about the place.'

'All right, sir,' said Dana. 'Thank you, sir.'

'Got any baggage?'

'Yes, sir. Left it at the station.'

'Well, I'm going 'round there along about six, for an express bundle, and I'll fetch it if it ain't too big.'

'All right, sir. Now,' said Dana, 'I guess the first thing for me to do is to hiper along and see Althea. Judge,' he called back, when he had made three long strides towards the gate, 'I've got some awfully pretty things in that bag, silk that looks like white poppy leaves, and little slippers and strings o' beads. Yes,' he continued, in a crescendo of grim laughter, 'and what else d'you s'pose I've brought? That's for Grandma Buell. Tea, judge, all of ten pounds o' tea, and some for Madam Pemberton, too, if she'll take it. I didn't realise I was cuttin' in on a tea-merchant.'

He went his way with that hoot of derision at himself and the tea-merchant, and Judge Pemberton walked slowly back to the house where Madam sat on the veranda, frowning over her task of darning fine napery. He came up the steps rather heavily, sat down in the big chair that was his, and took his hat off and sighed. Madam looked up in concern.

'What is it, dear?' she asked, her needle poised. 'You haven't got that old stitch again?'

'No,' said the judge. 'But sometimes it seems as if this was a miserable kind of world.'

'Why, I don't know,' said Madam. 'What makes you say that?'

'Dandelions,' said the judge briefly, and she was reassured.

'Yes,' said she, 'of course they do spoil the grass; but I suppose everything has to fight for a living. Don't you?'

Dana went flying over the road as if (the little Bemis boy who met him reported to his mother) he was sent for. And Dana's thoughts were far other on this walk than he had dreamed they would be. Over and over he had pictured it, as he recalled himself from scenes of Oriental colour and life where he never felt really at home, to the day when he would be here and taking this hurrying stride from the judge's to Althea. It was always hurrying. He

could never, he used to tell himself, in those foreseeing visions, get over the ground quick enough, and always there would be Althea at the end, in a sweet tranquillity of welcome, mysteriously knowing why he had come, and hardly needing to be told. And now he was hurrying to her, his heart not high with anticipation, but sick in fear, and the Althea he was to find seemed to be walking away from him, up between the hollyhocks, a tea-merchant's arm about her waist. There was a thin screen of woods on each side of the road, just at the turn before the Buells' old house, and he stopped a minute in their shadow to get hold of himself and bid himself remember, if he showed any of the sick tremor at his heart, his cause would be lost. He dreaded unmistakably to round the curve and come upon the house and the hollyhock walk. And then he said a few forcible things to himself and went on, and there was the gray house, standing low in its spacious dooryard, and the lilac hedge at the west, and the old ash-tree and a robin on the very topmost tip, singing the June song. And at the eastern end of the house, near of access to the barn, was a covered car, painted in a merry green and gilded in scrolls, and Dana knew at once that this was the tea-man's cart and the tea-man was here. But he gave himself no time to fume over that. He walked on at a good pace, in at the little gate, and, as if she had news of his coming and were in haste to meet him, Althea, in a white dress, came pelting out into the garden, and before her ran the cat whom also Dana knew, the old Maltese.

'Oh, stop her, stop her!' Althea called, seeing only a figure coming and not raising her eyes from cat-level to find out who it was. 'She's got a bird!'

Dana pounced on the Maltese, who was unprepared for a flanking movement, caught her and choked her dexterously, so that she gasped and the bird flew away. He then, in the same instant of vision, saw what he must do, received Althea in his arms as she was running, held her to him and kissed her. For the instant she seemed not to resist him. She was taken too blankly by surprise. But she did recover, and pushed at him with both hands, and gave a little sound of dismay, very guardedly, though, and Dana, in a sudden rage of jealous insight, knew why she was so circumspect. There was another male intelligence somewhere in the house, and Althea was not going to alarm it lest there should be fists and curses. She was going to fight her own battle. She pushed him away because he let her, and he stood looking at her, sick with love of

her and the terribleness of his assault upon her. Althea was very beautiful, and at her highest point of loveliness in the rage of her victory over him. Her red-brown eyes were burning, her cheeks were crimson roses, and the sun lay gloriously on the living splendour of her bronze hair. What she would have said, what curt word of dismissal and scorn, she never could have told, for her anger was overborne by pure surprise,

'Well, if ever!' said she. 'It's Dana West.'

Dana instantly plucked up heart. He was not to be dragged that instant to the block of her displeasure, and he broke out, in his despair, in the words he had expected he should stammer after months of courtship.

'Yes, Althea. I've come. You know why I've come, don't you, Althea? I'm stayin' at the judge's. I'm goin' to work out a spell while I look round, and then we're goin' to be married. You and I, you know, married, Althea!'

She was standing straight and looking at him, and he noted, with a tremor at her beauty and sufficingness, that she was as tall as he. She asked him a question, in a clear, concise, and cutting voice, firmer than her voice of wonder a minute ago:

'Who's going to be married?'

Dana felt as if they were in for it—not for courtship, but a fight.

'You and me,' he said, loudly. 'I love you like the very devil, and I always did. And you'll marry me, or I'll know the reason why.'

What she would have said, neither of them could ever know; for at that instant came a man's voice, pleasant enough and lazy, as if he had all he needed to minister to his content:

'D'you get the bird?'

Althea smiled a little. She turned toward the house, saying quietly:

'That's the reason.'

Dana stood still an instant and then started after her. At the steps he overtook her.

'Ain't you goin' to ask me in?' he inquired, breathless.

'Yes,' said Althea—this a little revengefully. 'Grandma'll be pleased to see you. She's in the sitting-room. I shall be in the kitchen folding clo'es.'

She went in at the door and walked through the hall to the back. Dana heard the lazy voice greet her there, and concluded it had come from the kitchen, where the tea-man also knew she was to



be folding clothes. He turned into the sitting-room at the right and found grandma knitting. Grandma was a thin wisp of a woman with red-brown eyes like Althea's and a face like crumpled ivory silk. She laid down her knitting and put out a blue-veined hand. She was an old lady, but she had never had to wear glasses and she looked at him piercingly.

'What's all this "hurrah boys!" out the front door?' she asked him. 'I 'most got up to look, but I never stir myself nowadays when I can help it. I'm as well off as anybody when I'm settin', but my knees snap like hemlock chips in the fire.'

'I was only tellin' Althea I'd come home to marry her,' said Dana, soberly.

He held her hand a minute and looked down on her, thinking how kindly welcoming she seemed, and that he shouldn't be at all sorry to have her live with him and his wife.

'Althea?' said she, beginning to knit again. 'Althea won't have ye. She's all took up with that young spark out there. Not so terrible young, either,' she added grudgingly.

'How do you feel about that?' asked Dana, sitting down in the rocking-chair at the other front window. 'You took up with him, too?'

Grandmother shook her head.

'I s'pose he's all right enough,' she said. 'I wrote to sister Ca'line's husband, over to the Lake, to find out. He's got a place there.'

'Sister Ca'line's husband?'

'No, this tea-man, as they call him. He's got a good many acres o' wood-lot, an' a house with a tower, an' he talks about em' the whole endurin' time.'

'Well, Althea ain't sellin' herself for a wood-lot and a house with a tower,' said Dana, 'not if she's growed up the kind of a girl I thought she'd be.'

'No, but he can talk the legs off a brass pot, an' I guess he's made her believe it's streets o' gold over there to the Lake, an' Lord knows how he's set it out to her, that house with a tower.'

'Is he'—Dana meant this to be so inclusive a question that he found he could not manage it at all in its entirety, and put it baldly—'Is he good lookin'?—oh, I mean, same as—'

'Not as you be,' said grandma dryly, eyeing him with a friendly smile.

Dana flushed red.

'Oh, I don't mean that,' he boggled. 'Same as a girl like Althea'd expect and ought to have.'

'He's got black eyes,' said grandma, with an exasperating air of making a precise inventory which might not, Dana knew, tell him anything in the end, 'an' you can like it or lump it, but he can talk the legs off a brass pot.'

'I mean,' said Dana, floundering, 'do you like him yourself? Would you be pleased?'

'Well,' said grandma, with a final flourish, as if she threw the remark into the air and he might do what he liked with it, 'so fur's his face goes, I think he looks kinder ratty. An' he's as close as the bark to a tree.'

'That's enough,' said Dana. 'You've said it all. Now how about Althea? I don't know much about Althea. I've just begun to find out that. Does she like him, or is she the kind o' girl to be carried away by a house with a tower?'

'No, she ain't,' said grandma. 'I can answer for her there. But you know this place has got two mortgages on it, an' Althea's layin' by every cent from her school money to get 'em paid off, an' whether he's made her think he'd help her out I know no more 'n the dead. Or whether she thinks she can sell out here an' help him out, for he's got a kind of a wild-goose plan for buyin' up the water-power down below here in case electricity comes in. But when it comes to that, I guess you know as much as I do.'

'Now,' said Dana, bracing himself, 'are they engaged?'

'I s'pose they be. They come in one night, and Madam Pemberton behind 'em, and Madam said his arm was round Althea's waist. Much obleeged to her I was for tellin' me. 'Twas a cross to her, too. Madam Pemberton ain't one to fetch an' carry. An' I called Althea into my bedroom after Madam had gone an' asked how fur they'd got, an' she said he'd asked her an' she hadn't said no. An' I told her I wouldn't have no carryings on. An' I'm as sure as I'm alive there 'ain't been. Althea's as true as a die.'

'That's all, then,' said Dana, and got up to go.

Grandma looked at him now piteously.

'Why, you ain't a-goin'?' said she. 'You goin' for good?'

'No, grandma,' said Dana. He jerked his thumb toward the window where the tea-man's van sat shining in the sun. 'When I know that outfit's off the premises I'm comin' back.'

He walked out of the house, looking neither to the right nor

left at the wall, that had been so much to him in the imagery of his dreams, and, as if his step in the hall had started it, he heard a man's voice from the kitchen break into a tune, a cheap doggerel of the day. Dana also struck up singing. It was an old song, the first he snatched at, he had learned from his sailor chum, and it had a fine rollicking ring. He sang it with all the abandon of a happy man and all the fierce emphasis of a despairing one, and kept it up until he had rounded the curve in the road. Then he stopped short, his steps and his song, took off his hat, and wiped his face. He felt rather sick.

'Anyhow,' said he, weakly, to himself when he went along, 'I guess that drowned him out.'

For three days he worked about the judge's place, and every night at dusk he walked along the road and passed Grandma Buell's, and the gilded van sat tight. But on the fourth day, at his task of clipping a hedge, he saw it drive by, and at dusk he walked up the path between the hollyhocks with a heavy box in one hand and a big white parcel under the other arm. Grandma and Althea had just finished their early tea and gone into the west room where the sunset flush lay red. Dana walked in without knocking and set the box down at grandma's feet and laid the parcel on the table. In the space of Althea's turning he had time to see that she was as lovely as he had found her the other day and imagined her every instant since.

'There's your presents,' said he. 'Althea, you open yours.'

'Presents?' said she. 'The idea!'

But she did look at the package as if the word had a power to fascinate her, and Dana wondered whether she could be 'having,' and so the more beguiled by the knowledge of the tea-mat's treasury. Grandma looked, too, in frank anticipation.

'You open it,' said she. 'Didn't you hear what Dany said?'

'I shan't do any such thing,' demurred Althea. She was not, Dany saw, going to countenance in any degree his presumption in bringing them. 'You can, if you want to.'

'Althea,' said grandma, in a tone of authority it was plain she never used without a certainty that something would come of it, 'you open that bundle.'

So Althea, with a pretty sulkiness, did. She untied the string and then the soft-figured paper under it and disclosed a long flat parcel, and this, at a nod from Dana, she slowly opened. When the fine shining surface of it came out, she did give a little 'Oh!'

of rapture, but she said no more. Grandma passed her horny thumb over the silk lovingly.

'I guess,' said she, 'anybody could tell that come from foreign parts. There, you lay it one side an' see what's underneath. Come, come, Dany can't wait all day.'

Slowly, unwilling and yet fascinated, Althea uncovered the slippers, the lacquered box, the beads. Then, because Dana could not bear to look at her, it hurt him so to see her fighting her pleasure down because he had brought it to her, he pointed to the box on the floor and said to grandma in a rough voice the one word :

'Tea !'

'Tea !' echoed grandma. She lifted the box from the floor, and when he would have taken it for her, ordered him off with a little peremptory nod.

'No, no,' she said. 'I guess I can carry it, if it's tea.' She turned with it and made her wavering way to the door. 'I'm goin' to brew me a cup, an' 'fore I'm a minute older, too.'

'Grandma !' called Althea after her, 'think what you had for your supper ! You had three cups.'

'I don't care,' said grandma. 'I may brew me three more.'

Althea turned back and looked soberly at the disarray of beautiful things on the table. She had, Dana thought, grown paler. She lifted her eyes to him with a pretty seriousness.

'You were real good, Dana,' she said, 'to think of grandma and me. I'm glad for her to have her present, but I couldn't accept any of these.'

'Not the silk ?' asked Dana.

'No, not anything.'

'You can use the silk for a weddin'-dress,' said Dana, steadily, 'just the same, whoever you stand up with. And the slippers, too. Won't you try 'em on, Althea ? Only try 'em on, and see if they fit.'

'No,' said Althea. Her voice trembled a little, and he suddenly believed it was out of soft appreciation of his love for her, and not alone because she hated to forgo the pretty things.

'Nor the beads ? Won't you take just one string o' them ?'

Althea hesitated. It was plain she loved the beads. Then a sudden thought must have come to her, for she flushed and her face cleared of indecision. She put up her hand and touched the string of dark beads about her neck. She might have been reminding herself of a forgotten loyalty.

'I've got beads of my own,' said she. 'These were given to me last night.'

'They ain't so pretty as mine,' said Dana quickly.

'No, maybe they're not, but I guess they're worth more, some ways.'

'Yes,' said Dana, 'maybe there's a fortune in 'em. They look to me like some kind of a dried seed, but maybe they ain't.' He laughed bitterly. 'Maybe they're black pearls.'

He sat down by the window and watched her where she stood, looking wistfully at the rejected gifts of love. He seemed to be studying her—the Althea she seemed outwardly, the Althea she was in her inner house of life. He was thinking something out, and, suddenly his face cleared as hers had done.

'Althea,' said he, 'I read an awful funny thing in the papers to-day. 'Twas about black pearls.'

'Did you?' said she, without interest.

She drew forward a chair and seated herself with her back to the table of gifts.

'Yes. 'Twas about a lady that had a string o' beads she'd got in some foreign place, and she happened to have 'em on when she went into a jeweller's shop, and the clerk he says, "Madam," says he, "that's a mighty handsome string o' black pearls you've got on." "Oh no," says she, "them ain't pearls. They're just beads. I picked 'em up in a foreign port," says she, "the year I was in mournin'." "Beggin' your pardon," says he, "they're black pearls, and a string like that is worth ten thousand dollars, if not more."'

'And was it?'

Althea fingered her beads absently. She longed to look behind her where the sheen of the silk lay, whispering to her.

'She sold 'em,' said Dana, with emphasis, 'just as they were, for thirty-five hundred dollars cash.'

'Oh!' said Althea, still without interest.

'Now,' said Dana, 'I've a kind of an idea them beads o' yours are black pearls. I've been in foreign parts and I know some things you don't. And I've got a friend that's got a brother in a jeweller's shop in New York, and if you'll let me have your beads I'll take 'em on to him and find out.'

'What?' said Althea. She was staring at him now, the blood hot in her cheeks. 'Oh, I don't believe any such thing. Why, Dana, it's ridiculous! It's only a newspaper story!'

'Can't help it,' said Dana, calmly. 'If that ain't a string o' black pearls, I'm a Dutchman, that's all.'

'Well,' said Althea—she unclasped the beads and sat looking at them in a disbelieving wonder—'if such a thing could be—why, the only way for me to do would be to give 'em back to the one that gave 'em to me and let him value 'em and get the money.'

'Yes,' said Dana, contemptuously, 'and fall into the hands o' sharks, and be told they're nothin' but black beads, thirty cents a string in a department store. Or have 'em coaxed out of his hands, and another string palmed off on him. I know 'em. But I've got an inside track. You give 'em here, Althea—that is, if you ain't afraid I'll make off with 'em.'

She was staring at him, fascinated, that was plain. Slowly she put out her hand with the dangling beads, and he took them. But she came to her feet then, and spoke with passion.

'I s'pose you know what this means, Dana West? It means if I got some money, same as you say, I'd pay off what we owe here and I'd give the rest to somebody else and he'd buy up the water-power he's talking about, and the next thing would be he'd want to be married.'

'That's all right,' said Dana quietly. He dropped the beads into his pocket, rose, and turned to go.

'Oh, wait,' said Althea. 'Let me do up these things.'

'No,' said Dana, 'you store 'em for me a spell. I 'ain't got any kind of a place to keep things. I'm just campin', as you might say, in the judge's shed chamber.' He walked out of the room, not looking behind; but as he went down the path he heard a drawer shut with a sharp run, and knew she had thrust the presents away from the sight of her tempted eyes.

The next day it was known that Dana West, whose return had made a breathless item in the village annals, had gone off to the city on business. Discussion was unable to determine whether it was New York or Boston, and it was thought he must have brought back a pretty penny if he could afford a jaunt to New York. But in three days he was back again, and so also was the tea-man, who was shortening his radius more and more about Tenterden, and now, indeed, fondly told Althea he was hardly away before he found the old horse turning round to come back. And Dana, choosing his leisure hour just before sunset, walked into Grandma Buell's kitchen, where he heard voices and a man's laugh, and found the

three just sitting back from the table while the guest finished his story of a clever trade. He was facing the door by which Dana entered, and Dana took a straight look at him and decided he was personable and well dressed, but more or less ratty. His forehead was slightly too low, with an unpromising slope, his eyes too near together and gleaming with a bright avidity, and his long white teeth flashing out in a calculated smile. But it was a smile that made you disinclined to see him bite. Dana walked up to the table and nodded to grandma, who looked up at him pleasantly, and he said to Althea: 'Well, I've sold your beads.'

She flushed all over her face, and her eyes brightened. She got up and brought him a chair, saying:

'Make you acquainted with Mr. Becker, Mr. West.'

The two men nodded, but Dana did not sit down. So Althea remained by him, standing, and grandma looked from one to the other.

'What beads?' Becker asked, and Dana felt the hair rising along his spine. The man spoke like a master.

Althea began tumultuously:

'It's the strangest thing. My beads, you know—well, they weren't beads. They were black pearls. And black pearls bring an awful lot. And Dana told me so, and he's sold 'em for me. Dana, how much d'you get?'

'I am prepared,' said Dana, 'to offer you a thousand dollars.'

Althea gave a little cry. She looked across the table at Becker.

'It's for you,' she said, 'you and me. Don't you understand?'

Becker's face had been changing. His eyes were gleaming still, but his mouth had tightened over the long teeth.

'Althea,' said he, 'them beads were mine.'

'Why, yes,' said Althea, smiling at him. 'You gave them to me.'

'So I did, in a manner o' speakin'. But if I'd give you a diamond engagement-ring, you wouldn't have gone and sold it, would you?'

'Why, no!' said Althea. Her brows drew together in a puzzled frown.

He looked very unpleasant to her, but certainly he did have something on his side.

'That's it. I give you a string o' beads, and you let this feller coax 'em away from you and go off with 'em, nobody knows where, and tells you he's prepared to give you a thousand dollars



for 'em. Does he tell you how much he got himself? What's he made out of it?'

Althea turned to Dana, in some sort of rage of protest, he could see, but whether against him he did not know.

'Say something,' she commanded him. 'Say something.'

'I 'ain't got nothing to say,' returned Dana simply, looking, not at her, but at Becker. 'I can offer you a thousand dollars for 'em, and that's every cent I could lay my hands on, if I was to be hanged for it. And as to what goes into my pocket, that's all folderol. You know that, Althea, as well as I do.'

'Of course I know it,' said Althea, impetuously. 'I guess I know Dana West.'

Dana started at that. It was the first hint of intimate kindness he had had from her since his dreams in those Chinese nights.

'I read a paragraph in the paper,' said Becker, 'where a woman had some beads that turned out to be black pearls——'

'Yes,' said Dana. 'You needn't thresh that out. I see the paragraph. That's what made me think of Althea's.'

'I tell ye they wa'n't Althea's,' said Becker. His eyes were gleaming. They were not large, but they seemed to eat up his face. 'Them beads were mine. I was just lettin' her wear 'em. And if there's a thousand dollars comin' to anybody for 'em it's comin' to me.'

'You needn't speak so loud,' said grandma, placidly; 'we ain't none of us deaf.'

'And more'n that,' said Becker, 'the woman in the paper didn't get any thousand dollars. She got—I've forgot jest the figgers. I never paid any attention to it at the time. I thought 'twas one o' them things they put in to fill up the paper. And the amount of it is, he's stole my pearls and gone off and pretended to bring back a poor miserable thousand dollars. Be I goin' to put it in my pocket—no trouble unless you make it!—and say nothing to nobody? No, by God! I ain't. I want back my pearls, and I'll see to sellin' of 'em myself.'

He got up and stood facing Althea and Dana. But nobody seemed to think of Althea. The battle was between the two men.

'You want your pearls, do you?' asked Dana.

'Yes, I do,' said Becker. 'And my thousand dollars.'

'Oh no,' said Dana; 'that's no way to do business. You can't have both. Althea, whose beads be they?'

'His,' cried Althea, in a clear, high voice. 'I thought they

were mine. But if he says they're his, they are, and so's the money you got for 'em.'

'I kinder mistrusted something o' this sort would happen,' said Dana, 'so I brought 'em back. The man I sold 'em to thought I'd better. He didn't want any trouble over the bargain. He had his thousand dollars ready to lay down, but he thought the owner'd better have one last look at the things, to think it over and be sure that he couldn't do any better.'

Here Althea turned suddenly and went out into the back-kitchen, and Dana was sorry. He had meant her to hear the rest of the talk.

'Where be they?' said Becker. 'You give 'em here.'

Dana took the string from his pocket and held it out, and Becker snatched at it. He examined it greedily.

'Yes,' he said, 'that's it, sure enough. I had a kind of a feelin' them beads wa'n't what they seemed. I had Althea's initials put on the clasp. I don't know how many pearls there were. I never counted 'em. But looks as if they were all here.'

Althea had come back, and she carried a lighted lantern. She held it out to him.

'Here,' she said, 'you can harness right off now.'

He looked at her a moment in doubt. Then his face cleared.

'That's the ticket,' said he. 'It's jest as well not to lose no time. I'll leave my team at the tavern and go off on the early train. Who's the man?' he asked Dana.

'What man?' inquired Dana.

'The man that said he'd give a thousand.'

'That,' said Dana, 'you can find out by your learnin'.'

Becker stared at him a moment in hot hate.

'And I will find it out,' said he. 'Don't that show there's somethin' fishy in it?' he asked Althea. 'Ain't he condemned out of his own mouth? "Find out by my learnin'!" I will find out by my learnin'. I've got a business connection, and if they can't put me in touch with a good jeweller I'll miss my guess. You come out,' he said to Althea, 'while I harness.'

'Go out while you harness?' said Althea. 'I wouldn't stand under the same barn roof with you—not if I could help it. I wouldn't breathe the same air. You've made an awful exhibition of yourself, and everything grandma said to me was true.' But nobody ever knew what grandma had said.

Becker stood for a moment staring at her. Then Dana, who

felt the moment must be broken somehow, made a step towards him and he went. They heard his steps go hesitatingly through the shed, and the run of the big barn door, and the sound of the horse's hoofs coming out of his stall. Dana, in the moment of victory, felt sheepish. Althea began to clear the table. He ventured a look at her, and saw her cheeks were scarlet, but her movements were swift and silent. She was not going to break down.

'Oh,' she said suddenly, 'why didn't you give him the man's name? Give him every single thing and let him see sometime how big you've been and how small he was!'

'I couldn't,' said Dana, 'give him the man's name.'

'No,' said grandma, rising and going to peer from the window, 'course you couldn't. Althea, I should think you'd see.'

'See what?' said Althea.

'Why, 'aint you got eyes in your head? There wa'n't no man but Dany.'

Althea stopped in her clearing away.

'What in the world,' said she, 'did you want of black pearls?'

'Althea,' said Dana, 'if you call them black pearls once more, I shall bust.'

'Yes,' said grandma, 'so shall I. They're no more black pearls than I be. An' so T. William Becker is goin' to find out.'

Althea could not follow.

'So you weren't going to give a thousand dollars?' she said.

'Yes, I was, too,' said Dana. 'I've got it right here in my pocket. And I'd have give more if I had it, but that's all I've got in the world. It was kind of a gamble, Althea. I laid it on the table to see what everybody'd do. If he acted like a white man, I stood to lose it; but if I had, 'twould have meant I'd got to lose you, too, and money'd ha' meant mighty little to me then. Besides, if he was goin' to have you, 'twould have give you a good start. What is it, grandma?'

Grandma had thrown up the screen. She was leaning out, and calling piercingly:

'When you go by, Mr. Becker, you needn't stop here. You needn't ever stop. I've got tea enough to last me quite a spell.'

## *MEDICINE AND THE PUBLIC.*

BY S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE, M.D.

At the outbreak of the war the world was full of the cries of men who had, and of men who believed that they had, powers of organisation. The number of these who subordinated their concrete claims for work done to their abstract claims as possessors of the gift of managing men was large; and while there is no suggestion here that those to whom the various tasks of organisation were allotted failed in any general way to acquit themselves satisfactorily, the fact remains that in some directions there was vast muddling.

The record of our armies as a whole in the matter of health proves to demonstration that the majority of those directing, and practically all those who were carrying out directions, were fitted by their administrative powers and their devotion to duty for their various positions, though there were well-known break-downs; but other departments of our multifarious activity have not come out of the ordeal with so much credit, and revelations of mismanagement in the highest places give us good reason to believe that a burden of debt will for long keep green the memory of shortcomings. It is certain that some of the things, which we now know happened, would not have happened if organisation had been left more in the hands of men whose claims were tried, and less in those of persons who were able to make us share on insufficient grounds their belief in their own powers.

There is an immediate warning here as far as the profession of medicine is concerned, and the warning is not only to that profession but to the whole public.

For as at the outbreak of war the welkin rang with the claims of the organisers, now it rings with the claims of the reconstructors. Just as persons whose experiences were limited to the management or neglect of their private correspondence and the filling up of their income-tax forms correctly or otherwise, were allowed to represent themselves as defenders of our persons and our purses in phases of the world war, so there is danger lest the speculative Utopian should obscure our designs for the restoring and rebuilding of society, producing a mass of ill-digested schemes, whose details obscure their scope and whose plans would not accomplish their purpose.

New Government departments are undertaking new tasks with every intention to restore our damaged fabrics, to extend them in wise directions, and to make the government of the country represent more nearly than it ever has yet a consensus of the opinions of an educated nation. These departments are infused—no one doubts it—with the will to do good, with the intention to make the world a sweeter and more orderly place, but their work is not assisted by the vociferous thrusting upon them of patent plans for making people happy or patent receipts for control without coercion. There are, roughly speaking, only a certain amount of happiness to go round, and only a certain amount of freedom available for society. To grant to one class the freedom and happiness that it demands may depress and degrade another class, so that a Government yielding to strenuous representations in one and another direction may find itself, while loudly acclaimed as a liberator, equally loudly condemned as a slave-driver. The course of practical progress in every branch of social politics has to be mapped out with an eye on the public good, and the opportunism that gives a ready approval to ill-considered demands will only avoid the difficulties of temporary criticism to find itself landed in a slough of desperate commitments. The reflections are obvious but pardonable, because at the present moment the reconstruction of the profession of medicine is being undertaken, for the good of the public, by the Ministry of Health, and is being demanded, for the good of the profession, by many doctors and medical alliances. It is for the common weal that the new order of things should be orderly, and that no new policy should be embarked upon without a reason that has a wide application.

☛ This is especially the moment for union both of idea and of policy between medicine and the public. There is a vast field for all joint effort, and a dreary prospect where co-operation does not run. All over the world the pangs of the great war are being felt; wounds are open and recent scars are contracting. In tortured Europe serious epidemics are of constant occurrence. Whole populations are going short of food and fuel, and there are prognostications that we have ourselves similar trials to face. Meantime our social changes bid fair to be rapid, and the man who would hasten slowly, desiring to see where he is before insisting where he will be, has to defend himself from charges of apathy. In these anxious days medical men have had their reconstruction processes to some extent focussed. A new bureau of first-class importance especially

charged with the care of the health of the nation has been created, and it is committed to make such changes in the professional life of the medical man as shall fit best into a profoundly altered scheme of things. The position of the medical profession, therefore, is that there lies before it a vast amount of work, much of it new and hard, and it will have to be done in new and doubtful circumstances. But of these circumstances it can be added that there is now great provision for mutual understanding between the employing public and the employed profession.

Before the war laziness or want of imagination, on the part of employer and employed—the laziness was mostly on the side of the public—caused many necessary wants of the medical life to remain unprovided for. This was when we had time and money. When the war broke out its long duration and its drain upon medical resources were not anticipated, and now we are left in considerable arrear with what was already a low average of public performance. The medical profession was little, if at all, to blame for the fact that admirable work in public health, prevention of tuberculosis, control of venereal diseases, inspection of school children, care of nursing mothers, and domestic visitation of hospital patients, were all better arranged in theory than carried out in practice. Many members of the medical profession worked enthusiastically along these different lines with small recognition from the public, which did not understand the reason for the activities or their object. While many members of the public gave devoted gratuitous service to supplement medical efforts, the mass of the people remained indifferent, because not understanding.

Now all this work has to be taken up in a scheme of society that differs in many respects from anything previously experienced, and under the *segis* of a Government department which is still in its swaddling clothes. It is natural, therefore, that schemes should burst forth of various value and with various main objectives, according as those who father the schemes are more interested in one than another of the many causes which require championing, and of the many reforms which require carrying out.

In this conflict of reconstruction the errors that were made during the war, in response to the stress of hurry, ought not to be repeated in respect of the public health of the nation. Certainly let there be no undue delay, but better a little delay occupied in genuine investigation of all the factors at issue than a hurried policy of panic. The general plan for a real union of public and profes-

sional interests will evolve from the activities of the Ministry of Health if patience and tolerance are used, while their use need obscure no fine ideals. The Ministry of Health has come into being because all the questions embraced under the word "health" have grown insistent for answer—insistent on public grounds—and delay is only recommended in regard to detailed procedure. There certainly should be no hesitation about the immediate desire to act, though in a sense the suddenness which characterises military decisions is not called for. But disease is every whit as much an enemy as any armed power can be, whose onslaughts do not wait while counter measures are being devised. A massed attack of influenza is a more rapid as well as a more widespread danger than any military onslaught ever devised by a potentate. If fuller use is to be made of medical science, not only for the treatment or the prevention of disease, but also for the education of the public in right ways of living, of working and of playing, the medical profession as a whole requires some of the reorganisation which is foreshadowed in the Ministry of Health, and, as will be seen, it is the medical profession itself which showed the need for a Ministry of Health by demonstrating that to sound medicine the public must look for national salvation.

The Ministry of Health has not come into being as a scare policy. It is the outcome of a wider recognition of things as they are, and not as some very eloquent persons would have us believe, a panic-stricken crusade against overwhelming evils.

We must all allow that there is plenty of room for reform in the public and domestic health of the country.

The present industrial conditions have an obviously evil influence on the normal expectation of life, as can be guessed by figures taken from the Registrar-General's publications. Of those who survive fifteen years of age, the average period of life among agricultural workers is sixty-seven, while among purely industrial workers it is just under fifty. Again, recruiting statistics have shown that in several trades half of the workers, by the time they have reached forty years of age, are unfit for military service. In many occupations over a third of those employed receive sick pay for some period in every year. The deaths from tuberculosis in this country are about 70,000 each year. As a proportion of those deaths have certainly been brought about by war conditions, whether among the combatants or the non-combatants, it is a risky statement to say that more people died from tuberculosis than from the war during



the period of hostilities ; but the statement is regularly made with the appalling experiences of the world-war before us, and made so seriously that it must have a foundation in fact, though the deduction may be challenged. There is a wide prevalence of venereal diseases, and the infantile mortality in some of our large cities is appalling. No figures here are quoted, because they vary so widely and on such different grounds that the average percentages convey nothing that has a local application, while it may be a local remedy that is wanted in the medical view.

Now, no one wants to make light of circumstances like these, and if it were because of them, and because of them only, that a Ministry of Health was required, it would be clear that the Ministry was a piece of panic legislation. And as a rule sudden and belated determinations to deal with widespread evils do not present a promising outlook, so that it is a good omen that the Ministry of Health should be the natural evolution of a great deal of sound public health policy, statesmanship, accomplishment, and endeavour which have marked the social history of this country for two generations. It is a co-ordination of efforts which have borne admirable fruit in many directions, and to some extent it is because of the success of those efforts that the knitting together of their activities, and a removal of overlapping in performance were necessitated. The medical profession has much to answer for in the muddle that exists, but it is its virtues and not its faults which have brought the position about.

The era of sanitation, as we now understand it, and for all practical purposes the whole of our modern system of preventive medicine, dates from sixty years ago, founded though our wisdom is on the wisdom of our ancestors and even of preceding civilisations. During these sixty years scientific knowledge has developed to such an extent that it has driven State organisations hither and thither in the attempt to carry out the medical ideal—or to avoid carrying it out, as the case may be.

The sanitary conscience, however, awoke many years before preventive medicine was in a position to intervene usefully. Some ninety years ago the social and economic conditions in England, grievously affected by the Napoleonic wars, produced a feeling that the health of the people ought to be a national care. That feeling, as we know, took outward form at first in what we should to-day consider a highly unphilanthropic form, for such laws as were made were mainly intended to confine the ills of the poor, as far as they

were the outcome of disease, to their places of origin ; prevention was not mentioned, although there may have existed behind the rough machinery of segregation a consciousness that eradication of the ills rather than a lopping of their branches and a topping of their shoots ought to be effected. The need for making the health of the people the care of the State had become obvious, but only those who could read with sympathetic heart the signs of the times grasped the significance of the conditions in which a large proportion of the population were struggling ; and the legislature found the removal of those conditions to be beset by the difficulties everlastingly associated with the alteration of established customs or the restriction of vested interests. The science of medicine had not acquired a familiarity with the ætiology of disease that could enable its professors to preach the doctrines of prevention with sufficient authority either to arouse the public conscience or to reinforce the voice of reform. And so in 1834 the Poor Law Commissioners, perceiving that ill-health was a principal source of pauperism, and knowing that the removal of the causes of ill-health would be a more righteous proceeding than the treatment of its consequences, could none the less conceive no course open to them save remedial treatment, in an economical way, of those whose ills were already past remedy.

What the medical profession thought of the Poor Law and its amending Act of 1835 was chronicled in *The Lancet* at the time, and in language that would make this politer age squirm. The medical criticisms were, to the credit of all, directed mainly against the neglect of public health, though resistance was urged on the personal ground of injustice. For example—one among many—the Memorial from the Practitioners of Buckinghamshire, dated August 5, 1835, showed well the feelings aroused. Herein the memorialists expressed their concern that no efficient medical aid was secured to the poor in sickness under the Act, and they submitted that the medical proceedings of many Boards of Guardians must terminate in inconvenient appropriation and inadequate division of medical duties, ending in fatal consequences to the sick. They begged that the Commissioners would reconsider the subject and direct such regulations as would be beneficial to the sick poor, satisfactory to the public, and just to the medical profession. The general feeling of the medical profession was justified later. The times bore a great resemblance to those we live in—this will not be pointed out here, from a partial acquaintance

with social history, because the parallel is now being drawn by many expert pens ; but, historians apart, the pages of some of our greatest novelists show that in all the domestic disorder, often of the bitterest sort, that raged round Chartism, the Corn Laws, and the foundation of Trade Unions, the inadequate care of the health of the people was the most telling argument employed in favour of reforms. Disraeli and Dickens, Gaskell and Kingsley may be quoted without special reference to the famous books implied, but in the same category should be included Charles Reade's 'Put Yourself in His Place,' and John Saunders's well-known novel 'Abel Drake's Wife.' Both these stories appeared in the same decade, the former in the pages of the CORNHILL, the latter under the imprint of the 'Cornhill' firm, and are rather reviews of past abuses and denunciation of strike methods than appeals for better sanitation under a properly organised State system of public health. Still the appeals underlie the message delivered ; and when Mr. Stanley Weyman, in his novel which has just appeared in the CORNHILL, desires to draw a poignant episode in the miseries of the poor at the beginning of the Victorian era, he selects the haling to the work-house of a helpless woman whose son has died of fever. The poor in those days knew well what a poor-law infirmary meant, and so did the medical profession, to whose efforts later the vast improvements in these institutions are largely due.

It is not claimed, however, that the public was the villain and medicine the hero of the tragedy. Medicine was not provided with the necessary knowledge to assist Governments in any large policy of a preventive character at the time when the Poor Law came into being. That reproach is now removed. During the last century medicine, leaping forward in bounds to accurate knowledge, became first an official and later an inspiring counsel for further effort, when sections of the community awoke to the fact that by sanitation there could be removed barriers to their health and happiness which were remaining erect with no better apology than might be found in their antiquity. As each section was roused it made its claim for relief heard, with the result that the remedy best fitting the circumstances was applied. Schemes of reform, initiated in this haphazard manner, were entrusted for their carrying out to various departments of Government and various local authorities, with a consequent overlapping of jurisdictions, and waste of energy and money, while the resulting confusion was worse confounded by the creation of new Government bureaux and the rearrangement of local administrative machinery. It is the rapid increase of medical

knowledge which has been the reason for such facts as that, before the invention of the Ministry of Health, no fewer than eight first-class Government bureaux had charge of medical affairs. Medicine demanded the innovations; various Governments, having no uniform plan, met the demands by putting the burden on the nearest available back. The outcome was to make the care of the health of the people, as conducted in this country, a magnificent and illogical muddle, in which fine ideas and accomplishments, many of which elicited the envy of modern civilisation, were blended with the opportunities for extravagance and dissipation of strength inevitably associated with the want of a central plan.

And sometimes, when the course taken by the State has been perfectly logical, the result has appeared to the public particularly comic. For instance, one of the eight governing departments which, previous to the creation of the Ministry of Health, had charge of medical interests, was the Privy Council, to which the Midwives Board owed allegiance, and much merriment has been expended over the droll bedfellowship of the Lord President and the Gamp. Yet it came about in the most reasonable manner. The Midwives Board was created to be the authority for the registration, education, and discipline of midwives, as the General Medical Council is such an authority for registered medical men. The General Medical Council sits under the authority of the Privy Council, and it was according to precedent that the Midwives Board with analogous functions should do the same. The functions may be epitomised as the elimination of Gamp. No doubt the Privy Council was selected by those who framed the Medical Act of 1858, under which the original General Medical Council came into being, because in this way the Crown members of the Council would be appointed by a permanent body, whose President only would be subject to party fluctuations.

There has now arrived that central plan which, though overdue, could have had no promise in the past like that which it offers in the light of a real knowledge of the foundations of preventive medicine. The Ministry of Health has taken over the interests of national health as far as they were represented by the powers and duties of the Privy Council in respect of midwives; of the Local Government Board in respect of sanitation and preventive medicine; of the Board of Education in respect of school children, children under school age and expectant and nursing mothers; of the Insurance Commissioners in respect of panel practice; of the Home Office, Colonial Office, and Foreign Office; and of other

authorities dealing with, for example, registration of births, deaths, and marriages, and vaccination. Further duties will be transferred to the Ministry, as they appear to be germane to the health of the people, but it will be conceded that the new Minister of Health has got enough to go on with.

What is the outlook for Medicine, and what is the outlook for the public under the Ministry of Health, which has been called into existence by the brave aims and high developments of science, and by the deep and deepening sense of the world that the good health of the people is a nation's greatest asset? Surely that outlook is very promising if the happy mean of pace is hit off; for then we shall stay the course—a splendid course, which as it unrolls itself before us should find us always progressing. But it is particularly necessary that we should not be too precipitate in the adoption of concrete schemes which, while implying the destruction of things hitherto counting for progress, would also commit us in detail to policies or side-shows, later to be found inconvenient and to be abandoned in the ill odour of recrimination. In the more intimate relations between the employing public and the employed doctors which will follow the establishment of the Ministry of Health, the public should understand that the whole of the professional fabric has been gravely affected, so that those who practise the calling of medicine may be forgiven if they do not quite know where they stand.

But the conditions of medical service are not at the moment unpromising because they happen to be sharing in an all-pervading social muddle. On the contrary, while much that is dignified and some that is useful may certainly be jostled out of existence in the class and sectional fights ahead, it is certain that medical science will receive new opportunities for expansion. The whole of our civilisation is in flux. In every country leaders of men, made to admit by the revelations of the war the many weak joints in their social armour, have resolved that those joints shall be mended or that armour of a new pattern shall be employed. For the moment there is necessarily more confusion than reconstruction and, alas! more words than deeds. This cannot be helped. The necessary qualities in these days of transition are hope and belief—hope that the endurance which has carried us through days of trial will be with us in those of reaction, and belief that knowledge will triumph over ignorance when inequalities will be righted by a general sense of justice. The medical profession stands to gain enormously when this bright era arrives, but for the present its position is a difficult one, and requires sympathetic attention.

The Ministry of Health, a new Government department, is designed at one and the same time to provide for the people an efficient and orderly medical service, and to secure for the members of that service better means of discharging their important functions. It is impossible that the activities of such a Government department, rendered necessary by the progress of medicine, should fail to operate in the near future to the joint advantage of the community and of medicine, practical and scientific. There is in the country a number of young medical men at a loose end, and, qualified men though they be, they must be nearly as much at a loss to adumbrate their futures as any new student, but with the added perplexity that they may have wives and families to provide for. Many of them are full of new experiences, and they are not finding opportunities for bringing those experiences to market in such a way that they can obtain good terms. The hardship felt by many of the medical men returning from war to practice is undoubted, and the public who are suffering from any backwardness of medicine should be ready to assist any organised forward policy. The Ministry of Health, designed for the public weal, must be administered by medical practitioners, and if they do it well they are worth their reward. A number of administrative or sub-administrative posts, carrying regular salaries, and graded not only in accordance with the importance of the responsibilities incurred, but in accordance with the time to be taken up, will probably come into being soon ; and it may be presumed that some of these posts will be part-time offices. Reorganisation of panel practice, which in many directions is imminent, will certainly place at the disposal of young medical men chances of obtaining an assured livelihood and good scope for general or special clinical knowledge. When the panel practice, over and above the flat-rate payments of subscribers, brings with it a part-time appointment, the aggregate emolument will make the young medical man far better paid at the opening of his career than his father or his grandfather could ever have expected to be had he joined our profession. Hitherto one great and condemnatory criticism of the position has been that while the start is so good the future holds no greater promise. In panel practice a man may make almost at the outset what turns out to be his maximum income. It is clear to everyone that in the public employment of the future some flexible system of promotion will have to be laid down, so that the inexperienced man does not receive as much money as his senior. The income from panel subscribers can only go up if the practitioner increases the size of his panel, and while for

physical reasons this may be an impossibility, for public as well as scientific reasons it is an undesirable form of success. Justifiable comment on the position of panel practice has always been that the good start does not necessarily ensure the good future, and this is the main direction in which panel practice requires reform, once the question of proper emolument has been settled.

But the meaning of all this is that general practice in Great Britain, as hitherto understood, is largely in the melting-pot. In a few years' time there may no longer be a group of family practitioners having sole charge of the health of certain districts, each of them supposed to represent all the medical and surgical wisdom required in that district, save where the Ministry of Health as medical heir to the Local Government Board, the Board of Education, and the other bureaux, annexes a portion of the burden, and therefore of the remuneration. But the cessation of the old-time methods of general practice will go hand-in-hand with added opportunity, both for specialisation and for the passage from the ranks of general practice to those of hospital surgeon and physician and scientific expert. For there will be no class of general practitioner separated off from hospital surgeons and physicians, from specialists, and from officials. The principal hospitals, becoming centres of scientific medicine in their localities, will be officered by men who, by fusion of duty with the general practitioners of the neighbourhood, will make of the whole of the medical energy one general scheme for the good of the populace. The medical men of the district will have beds in their own hospitals, and will receive for their patients the consultative advice of their fellows and the assistance supplied by a laboratory of chemical research. And the time approaches when the general practitioner, reinforced in this manner by close communication with all branches of the medical profession, will take his part in the education of the student. Despite all the advances which have been made in medical science during the last half-century knowledge of disease relates far too much to conditions where the patients are already seriously damaged, and the reason for this is obvious. Such are the patients which reach the hospitals, where they come under the ken of those who have charge of the medical education of the student, and their teaching is accordingly based upon the material under their hands. But that material consists too much of serious emergencies and incurable pathological developments. The present system of medical education is divorced too much from the work of the general practitioner, only out-patient practice being really comparable with general



practice. Following this line of argument in his recent book, 'The Future of Medicine,' Sir James Mackenzie has suggested that in every school of medicine there should be at least one teacher who has done ten years of general practice. We must not, however, confuse this proposal, as already it has been confused, with a recommendation to return to the old system of apprenticeship, under which the medical student before joining a school, acted as pupil, pupil-assistant, and (alas, too often!) as obstetric substitute to a general practitioner. That plan had advantages a hundred years ago, and, perhaps, even fifty years ago, it may be admitted, for the medical training of the time was of a much more simple character. To-day any return to such procedures is manifestly absurd; but that does not mean that there is no real virtue in having part of the student's training in the hands of those with immediate experience of the difficulties with which the general practitioner will meet in his life's work. Without labouring the point as to the differences between the medical education of to-day and that of the first part of the nineteenth century, the essential place where Sir James Mackenzie's idea departs from the old procedure is that Sir James Mackenzie would only suggest that the medical education of the apprentice, a student, should come from selected general practitioners, whereas in olden times the value of the education which the student received depended entirely upon the unstandardised ability of a master—any qualified medical man—to impart knowledge to the apprentice—any young man who thought he had, or whose parents thought he had, a bias towards medicine. Under the old apprentice system some students obtained extraordinarily valuable training. It is equally obvious that some had no such good fortune.

If the public takes advantage of the opportunities of the near future to co-operate with medical endeavour; if medicine speaks frankly and intelligibly on preventive problems to this public which both in theory and practice is becoming scientifically instructed; and if ministers, before taking action, listen to the considered views of both sides—then the new Ministry of Health, which cannot fail to be of benefit, will be transformed into an immediate power for incalculable good. And when some of the changes designed appear sweeping, sedate persons can take comfort from the fact that of these changes many were desired by the leaders of thought in the early Victorian era, whose views on preventive medicine and the relations of medicine to the public must not be judged by the legislation effected without taking into account the ideals aimed at.

## TOUCHES OF VANISHED HANDS.

COLLATED BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

*'Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!'*

FOR many years I have been accustomed to attend sales, at Sotheby's and other marts, when a collection of autograph letters or rare copies of books came upon the market. The treasure-trove is generously opened to examination by the passer-by a day, sometimes two days, preceding its dispersal. In biography, the most fascinating section of English literature, letters passing to and from the subjects of the work form attractive chapters of the story. On the eve of one of these great sales, dated and signed, here they are spread out for all the world to read. Here are the sometimes damaged paper on which they were written, the faded ink, the confidences and confessions, expressions of high hope, admission of failure, the tittle-tattle of social life, the frank criticism of nearest and dearest friends, the unconscious revelation of the inner nature of men or women whose names are familiar as household words.

Some of the letters have appeared in volumes of classic biography. They perhaps gain rather than lose thereby. The larger portion has not hitherto attained the prominence bestowed by print, and throw fresh sidelights upon interesting characters. How they came to fall under the strong light that beats upon an auction rostrum is a story of varied accident. For the most part contributions to the sale-room come from the hoarding of men who have devoted much time and money to the collection of autograph letters and MS. In many cases, notably a recent one dealing with Shelley's correspondence, the MS. brings in an amount of money far in excess of the market-price of the author's literary masterpieces paid by an honest publisher.

In September 1811 Shelley wrote to his father announcing his marriage with Harriet Westbrook, insisting that his own conduct is irreproachable from every point of view, but that, even if it were not, it would be his father's duty to forgive him.

'Father,' he wrote, 'are you a Christian? Judge not, then, lest you be judged. Remember the forgiveness of injuries which Christians profess, and if my crime were even deadlier than homicide, forgive-

ness is your duty ! What ! Will you not forgive ? How then can your boasted professions of Christianity appear to the world, since if you forgive not you can be no Christian ? . . . But by forgiveness, I do not mean that easier exertion which contents itself with saying " I forgive," and then sits down contented, as having discharged its duty. . . . You must bring forth fruits meet for repentance, you must treat me as a son, and by the common institutions of society your superfluities ought to go towards my support. I have no right not to expect it.'

Two months later, the pistol presented to the head of his father apparently not having wrought its designed effect, he wrote to his grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley :

' I expect from your liberality and justice no unfavourable construction of what fools in power would denominate *insolence*. This is not the spirit in which I write. I write in the spirit of truth and candour. If you will send me some money to keep me and my wife (and I know you are not ungenerous) I will add to my respect for a grandfather my love for a preserver.'

The letter to his father brought at auction £120, a sum that would have been exceedingly use'ul to the youthful poet on his honeymoon. This, with ten other of his letters, produced £1263, an aggregate exceeding £100 apiece.

Judicious buying of autograph letters and manuscript is exceedingly profitable. A copy of Shelley's famous 'Address to the Irish People,' published in Dublin in 1812 at the price of fivepence, brought at this sale £220. Four years earlier, another copy fetched only £140. The fact that the pamphlet advocated Catholic Emancipation and Home Rule showed how far the poet's political views ranged beyond those of his contemporaries. Prices freely given for books for the Huth Library, dispersal of which has at this time of writing occupied seven prolonged sales, illustrate the tendency to increase in value. At the sale of the portion brought under the hammer in the summer of 1918, three volumes of Sir Philip Sidney's works realised £1355, having cost Mr. Huth £171. John Skelton's 'Speake Parot,' 1560, bought for £5 5s. in 1865, now sold for £150; and 'Merie Tales,' 1567, rose from £25 in 1864 to £360, both going to New York. The Elizabethan play, 'Gammer Gurton's Nedle,' fetched £700, having cost £64 at the Daniel sale in 1864. The 'Songes and Sonnets' of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1587, was bought for £500, having cost £42 in 1858, upon its discovery in a cupboard in a baker's house at Chobham. The only other copy

is in the Bodleian. The first edition of Spenser's 'Shepheardes Calendar,' 1579, fetched £720. It came from the Charlemont Library, and in 1865 cost Mr. Huth £31 10s.

It is understood that Mr. Huth expended £120,000 upon his library. Including autographs and engravings, it had, up to that date, realised £291,145, and there was left a remnant to supply material for at least another sale.

There is a marked difference in the taste of book collectors of the present day and in 1744, when Samuel Baker, the first book auctioneer, and forerunner of 'Sotheby's,' stood in the rostrum. Foreign classics have fallen in estimation and in price, whilst everything English has risen. Time was when the original quarto editions of Shakespeare and the rarest Elizabethan dramatists might have been picked up for a few pence each. In course of time the value of early copies of Shakespeare began to be recognised. At 'Sotheby's,' on an April day in 1799, as much as £40 19s. was paid for the First Folio of 1623. Another shilling would have made it even money and secured the book for a competing bidder. But it was not forthcoming. Seven years ago a copy of the same folio, perchance the identical one, brought at the mart in Wellington Street £3600.

In 1764 Henry Fielding's library came under the hammer. Books enriched with his autograph notes were knocked down for 3s. each. Five volumes of legal manuscript, all in his writing, went for 13s. Six years ago the novelist's agreement with Andrew Millar to sell the copyright of 'Tom Jones' brought £1015, many times more than the author received for his immortal work.

In January 1917 there was brought to market a unique collection of Dr. Johnson's autograph letters. There were over two hundred of them, the originals having been addressed to Mrs. Thrale over a series of years, and published by her in 1788 under the title 'Letters to and from Dr. Samuel Johnson.' The manuscripts retained bear mark of editorial supervision. In many, proper names are crossed out, and some have paper pasted over various passages. The collection had no literary value, being chiefly composed of passing references to the state of the Doctor's health, the persons with whom he dined, and his longing to be once more at the Thrales' hospitable home at Streatham, invariably concluding with adieux of affectionate friendship for his correspondent. A batch of the letters describe his journey, in company with Boswell, to the Western Islands of Scotland.

It is interesting to note the difference in style between these early drafts of the narrative and their phrasing in his book. Macaulay's quick eye recognised the alteration, on which he remarked :

'It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which first came to his tongue were simple, energetic and picturesque. When he wrote for publication he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese.'

These letters confirm the impression, if it were ever fleeting, that Johnson's feelings towards Mrs. Thrale were deeper and warmer than those of a frequent guest and constant correspondent. News of her marriage, on the death of her first (rather stupid) husband, with the Italian singer, Piozzi, coming suddenly and unexpectedly, cut him to the heart. Her letter, written to him from Bath on June 30, 1784, reveals her knowledge of his hopes and intention. This is given in her book, together with the last letter Johnson wrote to her, eight days later. She, however, omits from publication the scathing epistle he penned when the blow first fell upon him.

It is dated July 2, 1784, and runs thus :

'If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married ; if it is yet undone, let us once talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness ; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your Folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I, who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you, I, who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that before your Fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you.'

In its dignified, scornful wrath this epistle recalls Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, declining as 'too late' proffered patronage.

At this same sale, amid many interesting letters, was one from Lord Beaconsfield revealing for the first time, as far as I am familiar with his history, the crowning ambition of his life. On September 4, 1879, three years after he had strengthened his hold upon the affections of Queen Victoria by making her Empress of India, he wrote :

'I wish to see the Queen Dictatress of Europe : many things are preparing, which for the sake of peace and civilisation render it most necessary that Her Majesty should occupy that position.'

An undated letter from Queen Anne closely recalls the parable of the unjust judge and the importunate widow, to whose plea for justice he finally yielded 'lest by her continual coming she weary me.' I follow the picturesque spelling of Her Majesty (now dead).

'I have bin soe pressed againe this morning by y<sup>e</sup> woman y<sup>t</sup> gave me y<sup>e</sup> enclosed petition, to respite y<sup>e</sup> execution of Jeffries y<sup>t</sup> I can not help writting this to desire you to order a reprieve till fryday, y<sup>t</sup> there may be time to enquire into what this woman says.'

In a letter to a friend, dated June 7, 1881, Lord Roberts modestly says 'Nothing I object to more than having to speak in public.' Occasionally called upon to take part in debate in the House of Lords, 'Bobs' strategically evaded the objection by bringing with him a sheet of typed MS., and reading it, a procedure prohibited in the Commons, but permitted in the Lords. To an intimate friend, who, in 'An Inland Voyage,' figures as 'Cigarette,' R. L. Stevenson writes :

'We have been a dam good specimen of two friends, as friends go ; and I don't believe that death, if that be either of our ideas, will put an end to it. The divine ether into which I resolve will be glad to meet that into which you go.'

Thackeray had two styles of handwriting. He began penning letters and MS. at a sloping angle, in later years reverting to the upright style. Using the former fashion he, writing to William Ritchie on November 24, 1856, gleefully records the financial success that flashed upon him after 'Vanity Fair' had captured the reading public.

'I am,' he writes, 'coining money at present at the rate of about half an Advocate-General, say £500 or £600 a month. I get £6000 for my next book. Cock-a-doodle-doo !'

In a letter written to the same correspondent the following year, we get a peep at the financial difficulties of a newspaper of which Thackeray had become managing director :

'Our paper is well-nigh ruined for want of a few pounds,' he writes on April 30, 1857. 'We have before us the best prospects in the world. A thousand coffee-shop men have sworn to take in a number of the *Constitutional*. Our circulation since my administration has been slowly but daily increasing, and all our fine prospects are likely to fall to the ground because we want such a mean

sum as a thousand pound. Why, Shallow could lend it to Falstaff from his own private purse !'

Though he lost money in this enterprise he found use for the experience gained. In 'the £6000 novel, the *Constitutional* served him as the lay figure for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the paper 'written for gentlemen by gentlemen' to which Pendennis contributed.

Next to the Huth Collection—if, indeed, not superior to it—was the treasure of the late Alfred Morrison of Fonthill, sold last December. Its accumulation was a long labour of love. Mr. Morrison had money, leisure, knowledge and good luck. Without the latter accessory he could not have become the owner of a letter written by Mary Queen of Scots on the early morning of her execution; another in which Oliver Cromwell, hot from the fight, described the battle of Marston Moor; others written by Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII., Charles the First, Defoe, Byron, Keats, and other princes in English literature. A letter from Charles I., dated from Cardiff on July 31, 1645, is clear as copperplate. Written to the Marquis of Ormond after the battle of Naseby, it sounds a tragic note of despair.

'I doe principally rely upon you, for your utermost assistance in my present hazards,' the fugitive King writes. 'I have commanded Digby to acquaint you at large with all particulars of my condition: what I have to hope . . . that if my expectation of relie out of Ireland be not in some good measure and speedely answered I am lykely to be reduced to great extremities.'

Oliver Cromwell's story of Marston Moor, dated 'Huntingdon, July 31, 1644,' lacks the prettiness of King Charles' script, but is clearly and boldly written. The sheet of paper, stained with nearly 300 years' alternate dust and damp, bears mark of being folded by the strong hand which, with God's help, 'made the Royalists as stubble for our swords.' At the sale it brought £300.

In this collection were several letters by Queen Elizabeth, written in French, in Latin, and in English. The handwriting, whose flourishes suggest the movement of a frenzied spider, is difficult to decipher. The signature 'Elizabeth R.' stands forth imperative.

Belonging to another page of history was a three-page letter from the Empress Eugénie, addressed to the Prince Imperial. Dated February 24, 1858, it marks the climax of Imperial prosperity and power. The mother playfully addresses her boy as 'Monsieur



le Caporal,' obviously a reference to the name, 'le petit Caporal,' given to the great Napoleon by his devoted soldiers. Amongst miscellaneous documents was a receipt for a money payment signed by one Sir John Fastolf, an English captain living on the '27th July, 1436.' The name suggests the origin of one of Shakespeare's most popular characters.

In the circle that reverentially sat at Dr. Johnson's feet, it was the pleasing custom to write epitaphs upon each other. Goldsmith's characterisation, in this form, of Garrick, is a part of English literature. Mr. Morrison was fortunate enough to pick up a letter from David Garrick, dated London, January 4, 1772, in which the great actor wrote an epitaph on Hogarth. As far as I know, it has not yet appeared in print, and is well worth quoting :—

'Farewell, great Painter of Mankind,  
Who reach'd the noblest point of art.  
Whose pictured Morals charm the Mind,  
And thro' the eyes correct the heart.  
If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay,  
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear,  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.'

Attention at the sale was centred upon the letter from Mary Queen of Scots. Addressed to Henry III. of France, and dated '*ce Mercredi à deux heures après minuit*' (February 8, 1587), it was the last missive she ever penned, her execution following a few hours later. The auction-room was crowded by intending purchasers, each desirous to add this gem to his collection. In the course of the Huth sale a short letter from the hapless Queen fetched something over £1000. It was evident that this one, with its unique association, would realise a sum considerably in advance of that record. A sensation and much disappointment followed the announcement, made from the rostrum, that the letter had been privately purchased with intent to preserve it in national keeping. What the joint-purchasers, Mr. Leverton Harris and his friends, gave for it has never been disclosed.

In a familiar phrase of that mine of wit and wisdom, 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' Lowell wrote : 'Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.' It is more literally true that rare autograph letters, when they are sold, go to New York. Thanks to the liberality of Mr. Leverton Harris and his friends, this one did not. It remains in this country.

The library of the fifth Earl of Orford, descendant of Horace Walpole, was dispersed in 1895. It included many fine Aldine editions, and some rare Elzevirs. Amongst the latter was what is regarded as the great prize of Elzevir collectors, 'Le Pâtissier François.' There are very few copies of this masterpiece remaining. The last time one came on the market, just twenty years earlier, it brought £130. This, for a book which measures five inches by a shade under three, seems pretty stiff, and the marvel grows when, turning over the pages, one finds them devoted to nothing more important than instructions 'to make all sorts of pastry.' That the highest art of the prince of book-binders should be lavished upon such form of literary composition seems quaint.

Another book with rare binding was a volume of Plato, from the library of Francis I. It bears date 1534, and is one of the few works of Geoffrey Tory which the hand of time has spared. The binding is of brown morocco, the sides elaborately tooled in compartments of arabesque borders. The inner frame consists of geometrical lines and scrolls, with the royal arms of France in the centre, below St. George and the Dragon. There were two copies of 'Orlando Furioso'—one Catherine de Medici's, the other Madame de Pompadour's. The former is a masterpiece of the binder's art. It is done in light-brown calf, inlaid in dark-brown centre, with corner scrolls, and a panel and large double M and double C interlaced.

No one in these days binds books in this loving fashion, for the sufficient reason that there is no one—certainly no sufficient number of people—disposed to find the money to pay the bill. The few antique specimens of these works that come to light to-day are eagerly snapped up at what seem fabulous prices. In Lord Orford's collection there was a copy of a 'Book of Meditations,' dedicated to Henry III. of France, a relic from his library, for which Lord Orford paid £100. Perhaps the gem of the collection was a copy of the New Testament in Le Mounier's binding, printed in Paris in 1712. This tiny volume brought £350, a price due entirely to the binding, since, unlike other books named, it has no special history of personal proprietorship.

Mr. Henry Wheatley's library, sold eight months ago, included, as might be expected from the author of 'Pepysiana' and editor of Pepys' 'Diary,' a group of works connected with Charles II.'s Secretary to the Admiralty. It included a copy of the first edition of

his 'Memoires' relating to the state of the Royal Navy in England, printed in 1690, adorned by a portrait of the author. There was also a copy of the 'Diary,' as first deciphered by the Rev. J. Smith and given to the world in 1825. Among a series of papers and documents relating to the period are several which show that the diarist, faithful to his official charge, more than once bestirred himself to reform the condition of the Navy, grievously suffering from maladministration in high quarters. In an autograph letter of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  folio pages, dated December 18, 1676, he brought the subject under the notice of Sir William Coventry, Commissioner of the Navy. Earlier, in a letter written on January 9, 1673-4, he ineffectually addressed a similar remonstrance to the Lords of the Admiralty.

The collection included Pepys' copy, with marginal notes, of an Act of Parliament passed in 1661, authorising the raising of the sum of £584,978 2s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. 'for the speedy building of thirty ships of war.' The 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. is an odd item of the sum, marking the precision of account kept by the Admiralty in Stuart times. The total amount sufficient for building thirty ships will create a feeling of envy in the breast of Sir Eric Geddes, by contrast with the cost of a first-class cruiser at to-day's rate of expenditure.

A series of nine letters were addressed to a friend in Rome by Cardinal York, grandson of James II., the last of the royal house of Stuart. They cast a melancholy light upon the closing years of the life of his brother, known in history as the Pretender. I quote a few sentences, preserving the Cardinal's spelling :

'Could wee but gett the better of the Bottle I shou'd yett hope everything. . . . I found my B<sup>r</sup> very sober yesterday as he has been for some days, but the fear is that as soon as he getts well again he forgetts everything. . . . My B<sup>r</sup> betwixt you and me is as incapable to govern any soul, as he is to incapable to have a wife, as long as the nasty habit of the Bottle cannot be got over. . . . Sobriety has gone on very well all these day's past, but I am allwaise afraid wee shall soon have some relapse ; the short and long of everything is that God Allmighty must touch is heart an change is head before wee can expect any essential change.'

The correspondence is dated from April to August 1767, at which time the Prince who won the heart of Scotland, and almost recaptured the crown of England, was in the prime of life, just forty-seven years old. He died five years later, friendless and in poverty.

Looking not long ago through a private collection of autograph letters written in the first half of the last century by well-known public men, I came upon one that vividly marks the contrast with our present methods of electing a new Parliament upon the lines of the latest Reform Bill. It throws a vivid light upon the condition of the constituencies before the passing of the Act of 1832. Writing to Lord John Russell on October 18, 1826, James Abercromby, Speaker of the House of Commons from 1835 to 1839, when he retired, being elevated to the peerage with the title Lord Dunfermline, said :—

‘ I will now state to you distinctly what has passed with respect to Bandon. When the Duke of Devonshire left England we settled all that related to those places in which he had influence, except Bandon. We agreed to keep that open for any friend, especially anyone who might be a victim to his support of the Catholics. I had at one time resolved to return you for Bandon, and spoke to the Duke of Bedford. But Duncannon, having taken fright about his own seat, wished to be returned for Bandon, and it was done. I was told that the seat was in the market, and offered for sale. Lord Bandon has the power of returning whom he wishes, but is under an honourable agreement to make it an alternative seat with the D. of Devon. The only principle on which he would propose to sell it would be that of treating the momentary return of Duncannon as a fulfilment of his engagement.’

This expedient appears to have been adopted. A month after this letter was written, Lord John was returned for the Irish borough of Bandon—or, to be precise, for its noble proprietor.

Another private collection of autograph letters with which I am familiar brings under fresh light the kindness of Charles Dickens. Of different dates, they are addressed to various aspirants for literary occupation. One is dated as far back as 1844. It gives precise instructions as to the course his correspondent, evidently a stranger, should take in forwarding his manuscript.

‘ A magazine sheet,’ he writes ‘ is 16 pages. The rate of remuneration to unknown writers is six or eight guineas a sheet usually. Many unknown writers write for nothing. I wrote for the next thing to it myself when I was one-and-twenty.’

He was at that period thirty-two, had written ‘ Pickwick,’ ‘ Oliver Twist,’ ‘ Nicholas Nickleby,’ and the immortal ‘ Christmas Carol.’

'The only additional piece of advice I can give you,' he adds, 'is to concentrate on this pursuit all the patience that would be required in all the other pursuits of this world put together, and to lay your account with having it tried.'

In another letter to Mrs. Gaskell, bearing date February 21, 1853, he returns some manuscript she submitted to him on behalf of a friend.

'The papers,' he writes, 'possess no kind of characteristic to render them available. Between ourselves, and not for information of the authoress, they are of that intensely dreary and commonplace description to which not even the experience of this place [he writes from the office of *All the Year Round*] reconciles my wondering mind. Everybody could write such things, I imagine. But how anybody can contentedly sit down to it is inscrutable. Don't you feel the same astonishment? People don't plunge into churches and play the organs without knowing the notes or having the ghost of an ear. Yet fifty people a day will rush into manuscript who have no earthly qualification but the actual physical art of writing.'

[In a long letter, written so recently as 1870, he addresses a verse-maker, who had been introduced to him by Lord Lytton.

'Your river tale,' he writes, 'is a weak repetition of the form of your printed story. The German manner will not carry the feeble matter. If you will consider the river story apart from that manner, I think you will find it extremely commonplace, with nothing in the way of character or incident to support it. There is a vast deal too much proclamation of poetry without the appearance of the reality after the trumpets have been blown. All the stock-in-trade of the miserable little books of verses that constantly accumulate on my table reappears in no new form. I call them miserable because they make me so in the evidence they present of a mistaken vocation and its attendant inevitable bitterness of disappointment. The true romance and poetry of human life or external nature is not to be found so as to awaken a response in any reasonable breast by crying—Lo here! Lo there! See where it comes! Look where it goes! This is it! That is it! The other is it! You will get nowhere by the road you are now pursuing. You are in a worn-out way that never was a very firm one, and has been trodden into a mere Slough of Despond.'

As Editor of a popular weekly journal, with a turn for literature, Edmund Yates, for more than twenty years, had placed at his dis-

posals copies of the books of the day. Had he kept them all, his house would have been filled every twelve months. It is interesting to observe what books he selected for his private library. They, in the main, were biography, travel and poetry. Almost the only novels were by Charles Dickens, for the most part first editions, some presented by the author with kindly inscription in the well-known blue ink, which Yates himself adopted for daily use. The 'Tale of Two Cities,' published at a time when Yates was one of the most industrious young men on the staff of *Household Words*, was the first copy of his works presented by the great master. Then came 'The Uncommercial Traveller' and, lastly, 'Great Expectations,' perhaps the least widely known, but, in the opinion of a few Dickens students, not the least delightful of the entrancing list.

Beyond these, Yates had reverently collected early editions, including a precious copy of 'Pickwick Papers,' and another of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' with a portrait of the novelist as he looked about the year 1838. Another treasure he liked to show his friends was a volume, richly bound in Russian leather, containing a number of letters written to him by Dickens between the years 1854 and 1870. There were some three dozen in all, each page flashing with touches of humour. It seemed strange that an heirloom of this character should be put up to public auction. But so it was decreed, and this volume, dear to Yates' faithful heart, was knocked down to the highest bidder. So was the writing-slope used for many years by Dickens. It bears a silver plate setting forth how it served the great novelist on the day of his death, was one of the familiar objects in his study ordered by his will to be distributed amongst those who loved him, 'and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates.'

At one period of his busy life, Yates was a great collector of autographs. At a time when he was not exactly rolling in wealth, he bought at the Soyer sale the autograph album of that eminent cook, a dainty dish, containing hundreds of signatures of more or less great men who flitted through the middle of the century. Interleaved were letters from Albert Smith, Dicky Doyle, Count D'Orsay, George Cruikshank, and others with whom the Barnum of the kitchen managed to get into correspondence. Yates had his own autograph book, a volume bound in the sumptuous style his soul loved. It contains about one hundred and fifty letters, including amongst the writers Theodore Hook, Charles Dickens. Kemble,

Edmund Kean, Brougham, Lady Morgan, Grace Darling, Sir Walter Scott, Leech, Douglas Jerrold, and Albert Smith. Another original idea in the autograph-collecting line was a volume of Tennyson, the fly-leaves covered with autographs of men and women known to *The World*, in York Street, Covent Garden, and far beyond it.

Most of the volumes offered for sale were presentation copies, with the autograph of the author. I noticed with pardonable pride that in the severely pruned library my old master found room for three out of the not numerous published works of one of his young men, prominently associated with *The World* in the earliest days of its creation.



## ST. GEORGE D'ABBEVILLE.

## A FANTASY OF LEGEND.

ALMOST all the old churches with which Northern France abounds have had their legend, relating to some curious incident in their building, and hinted at sometimes by an often recurring figure in the stained glass of a small chapel, or by a curious head fantastically carved on a corbel half hid amongst the many figures of a Gothic screen; or again, as at Rouen, by a quaint stiff form traced with the point of a trowel on the still damp plaster by a workman pausing in the midday sun.

Few people have time to attempt to seek the origin of these vague tales, and even if they desired to do so, often no definite information is to be found even amongst the oldest families in the neighbourhood. These stories have for the most part remained in a state of vagueness, people being too busy in their working hours to furnish forth their details; but sometimes a peasant, resting at noon from the tending of the vines, has pondered over these elusive traditions, and being of a temperament somewhat more poetical than the rest, has gilded the main form of the tale with elaborate flowing detail, just as on some great church, the main part being built, there still remains the various labour of final decoration, that veritable lacework of minute carving which renders the whole a glowing mass of light and shade. And indeed is it not from such folk as these that the foundations of all Pagan myths have originated?—the association of corporeal wants—fire, water, wine—with a person more masterful, more artistic than his fellows, and in a short time the deity is created, the worship of the Dionysus, the Hephaestus firmly established; and what are these later myths and legends but the survival of a kind of paganism that lives on amongst these simple folk?

As one ascends the hills coming from the west, and catches a glimpse for the first time through the tall poplar trees of the town of Abbeville, lying snugly on the other side of the Somme, only one great building looms out above the seemingly even line of purple roofs; it is the Church of St. Vulfran. A conspicuous church tower seen for the first time when gazing down upon a misty town has a look of grave earnestness; the serenity of a

noble form above the chaotic disorder of men's houses. And the Church of St. Vulfran presents an unusually irregular outline against the green evening sky. At first the eye hardly comprehends the different parts. The nave is seen behind the two tall towers which flank the central portal, but the choir lies hidden. Seen too is the great wall surmounted by a lantern, which stretches like a gaunt arm heavenwards; some time passes before one realises that it is the beginning of a mighty northern transept never finished.

Of all the towns in Northern France, where the products of successive ages are blended together in a harmonious whole, the town of Abbeville is one of the most perfect types to be found by the wanderer. It is essentially a town of the North; none of the radiant luxury of the vine and idle voluptuousness that is to be found in the southern towns is there; yet at the same time it is quite distinct from the massiveness of the Flemish towns. In spring the surrounding country, seemingly of wild flowers, with long intersecting lines of swaying poplars, presents an aspect of homeliness and comfort, but not luxury; a physiognomy of undulating country and winding river. And in the town itself the older houses are for the most part faced with timber and undecorated, excepting that here and there one comes across a wellnigh unaltered specimen of the old *hôtel* with forecourt, now covered with long waving grass, and the façade gilded with some delicate work; the ends of timbers adorned with weird heads—half man, half beast—and everywhere the flowing capricious lines of arabesques and scrolls chasing each other over the twisted beams. Of such La Maison de François yet affords a pleasing and interesting example. And then there is St. Vulfran, with its wonderful façade, almost symmetrical—a rare thing for the churches in Northern France—and with what care the architect has divided it into nine distinct parts, each part containing in some form or other the same 'motif,' that of the arch and the gable. Over the windows the gables are ogee, while over the doors they are straight. And the designer has not been afraid to resort to one or two bold and unusual expedients in order to obtain a more harmonious design: inclining the ogees above the windows of the towers, toward each other, so that the whole may balance better; inserting a shield at the apex of the gables above the doors, in order that the intersection may be softened by means of these lines flowing in an opposite direction; constructing projecting canopies freely, to shelter the statues, instead of forming recessed niches in the buttresses, which with the elaborate

detail they already possess, might have the apparent effect of weakening them.

At a time before the Revolution the town of Abbeville boasted of a number of churches, far exceeding that usually allotted to a town of like population; now but few others remain. Of these St. Gilles is by far the most beautiful, and it would seem that the devout builder had sought only to please the eye, for the great flamboyant portal reduces to entire insignificance the rest of the building. And this incongruity may often be found; indeed the treatment of the doors forms almost a typical difference between the English and the French churches. Was it that the builder was never able to finish the vast scheme that burdened his mind, or did he really only seek to make the portals of such vast dimensions, hoping perhaps that the Holy Spirit might enter there—who knows what strange fancy may have led him to it?

It has often been said that a real artist seeing before him a series of master's work, executed at different periods, will instinctively choose a work produced just before the zenith has been reached as that which gives him the most pleasure. Signs of early struggles overcome, but with still a few fresh ones ahead, give to the work an indescribable freshness which is lacking when the height has been reached, and which is not equalled in the rich decay that is to follow. And so it is with that rare artist, the susceptible lover of architecture; to him the church in perhaps the whole of France that will give him the intensest joy is Notre-Dame de Chartres. Severe though it may be, everywhere there are signs of great difficulties—early struggles—overcome, with yet a few fresh ones looming ahead; it is Gothic almost at its zenith. The first great difficulty of the vaulting which evolved that most typical Gothic feature, the pointed arch, is here first used; indeed the cathedral at Chartres is one of the few churches of that date which possesses pointed diagonal ribs. But, however true this doctrine may be, the rich decay of the flamboyant style, with its wondrous intricacies, its aerial detail, and its delicate flowing lines, must hold the onlooker in a rapt fascination.

The first time I saw St. Vulfran of Abbeville the sun had just hidden behind the purple roofs of the many-gabled houses, and only the top story of the great façade was bathed in a golden light, making the saints in their niches appear to have veritable nimbi about their heads. And presently I entered.

A disappointment, however, awaited me there. The paltry

choir, added in an age when religious fervour was almost dead, seemed to ruin the somewhat narrow nave, instead of by its aerialness making it to appear wider. And the piers, already without capitals in the flamboyant nave, had in the choir deteriorated in the hands of these post-Gothic builders into shafts of fat undulations without undercut or fillet, no longer fit to be dignified with the title of moulding. But nothing could spoil the superb triforium, each bay of which is different from its neighbour, as if the skilful workmen, aided by the struggles of the earlier generations, twisted the unwieldy stone, making it completely subservient to their many whims, and it is unspoiled by a too subservient adherence to logic, which led the builders of St. Urban at Troyes to determine the triforium and clerestory into one large window, an action of effacement consequent to the one which caused the mullions of the clerestory windows to descend to the cill of the triforium, as at Amiens. But it is the bases of the piers that are an evidence of the most wonderful masonic skill in the whole church, and this helps to show the great conscientiousness of these Gothic builders, seeing that to the eye of the layman such subtleties would in all probability pass unobserved. Each set of mouldings from the ribs rests on its own base, as it were, the intermediate mouldings being provided with a base which should include the whole pier, but which makes way for these interruptions, causing changes of surfaces, and intersection, so fine as only to be detected by touch, the eye being inadequate for such delicacies. And the experienced traveller knows that it is always worth his while to enter the sacristies of the churches about these parts, never knowing what wondrous work of art may await him there : superb enamels, morsels of old frescoes, and the like—the real old religious spirit lingering on visibly in the half light. And the Church of St. Vulfran at Abbeville is no exception, for there is to be seen a crucifix, a perfect gem of the late eleventh or early twelfth century, by an unknown master, found, so the sacristan will tell you, buried in the sand under the bed of the river, so that for many centuries the water had flowed over it, washing it as pure as the thoughts of those pious people who wrought it, but also washing away some of the rich enamel with which it was adorned, so that now only a few fragments—their brilliant lustre long since departed—remain. And the face ! What loving resignation is there ; pain made exquisite by the proximity to God—the merging of the parting soul into God's very self, as the Catholic religion will have it. One might think that it had

been carved by one of those mystics with whom the Middle Ages abound, who during their self-inflicted physical suffering seem to have become inspired and actually to have seen the sufferings of Christ visibly before them. And as I turned to go the sacristan held me, seeing perhaps that I appeared more interested in what he had shown me than the average tourist who passed, guide book in hand, hurriedly through the church. He told me, talking very rapidly as though not caring whether I understood or not, fragments of a curious story about some mysterious writing on the wall of a side chapel formed between the buttresses which had long since disappeared, the last words to become erased being '*Jamais . . . fini*,' the whole tale having survived a perilous existence of being handed on from generation to generation, the original form probably becoming greatly embellished or perhaps completely changed in the process.

The following day, to beguile a misty afternoon, I found myself wandering into an old bric-à-bric shop lying in a narrow street behind the Church. It was not a monotonous display of a stock-in-trade type, of which one sees so many in all big towns, but a veritable museum of real antiquities, and the owner, a frank blue-eyed Breton, well turned seventy years, was really proud of his varied goods and almost loth to part with them. One noticed there many articles of household use of the last centuries, and many treasures rescued from the devastated churches and old houses of the neighbourhood; among them a brilliant fragment of stained glass, fine work of the fifteenth century, representing what appeared to be our Lord in the act of stretching a great beam of wood. Certainly He had a crimson nimbus about His head, and He was pulling at a beam, held fast at one end by a multitude of men. I turned inquiringly to the owner: '*Ah, Monsieur, vous avez là quelque chose de très rare*,' and he looked anxious, almost terrified when I touched the glass. By means of inquiries of him and the tale of the sacristan on the previous day the story shaped itself.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century the masonry of the Church of St. George, which stood in the square, since taking its name from the statue in its centre and called Place l'Amiral Courbet, was fairly well advanced; the chancel arches and those of the south wall of the nave were already finished, while on the north the wooden centreing, newly removed from the south side, was still in place in the end bay, and waiting now to take the first order

of voussoirs, with their delicate mouldings already carved upon them. It was at this period that trenches were dug for the foundations of a new church, the present St. Vulfran, and soon a rivalry set up between the workmen on the one church and those on the other. At first only good humour was exchanged ; a few pleasant jokes shouted from the one scaffolding to the other, a few half-sarcastic words exchanged in the midday pause. But then, as time went on, it was seen that the growth of the new church was much more rapid than that of the other, although the work was as delicate and refined as that on St. George, each workman offering the best services he could, both for the love of his art and his love of God ; but now the pleasant rivalry seemed to grow to enmity, often a fight after dusk between two men leading to the dismissal of two trusty workers ; and in the night tools seemed to disappear, stones become displaced. And little by little discord crept over the whole town, some wishing the one church to be completed first and lavishing their money to pay for more workmen and more splendid jewels and brass, some expending their energies on behalf of the other building. And so things went on, the one party hindering the other to the best of their ability, and the overseers urging on the work with undue speed, and many a man bowed down with years, who paid no heed to the vain strife, but worked on steadily, albeit too slowly for the ever-urging masters, was dismissed, and wandered to seek work elsewhere, and his place was filled by a younger man, whose youthful passions flung him headlong into the fight, and made him work with double zeal.

And one day, many months later—the work proceeding more rapidly than was usual for that period, but yet with that slow determination which characterises the erection of Gothic work—as the most skilful of a band of carvers was working on the lofty triforium of St. George's, rendering it into a very network of thin, twisting lines, but never being able to make it equal to the vision he had within him, a Greek urn was unearthed by a party of masons ; here indeed were the very lines that the carvers sought to express, the very art achieved, but lacking in that seriousness that the medieval workman had at his command. The vessel showed signs of that early metal work that Homer typifies for us in his description of the shield of Achilles ; the grace of the half-erased figures was still visible. It was work belonging to Oriental Greece, Ionic work as opposed to the sterner and more European work of the Dorians ; for, just as in all countries which extend from a

northern climate to a southern, the north will always be stronger and more robust, while in the south will be sparkling wine and olive trees, so it was with Greece—to the east the Ionians, idle and voluptuous in their luxury, fond of fine metal work and jewellery, whilst to the west were the sterner Dorians. And this vessel was put aside to be used at a supper shortly to be given to celebrate the completion of the masons' work in the nave. And after the supper was over, and a few random remarks of encouragement had been made, in the hope that the men would press forward still more eagerly with the building of the transepts, the urn, now filled with sparkling wine, was passed round, and each man drank thereof. And now it seems that a spirit of absolute riotry descended over the men, so that in a moment the hall became the scene of a most turbulent disorder, which even the aged master—his bright eyes gleaming from under his bushy eyebrows—seemed powerless to check. And these things went on until past the hour of midnight, and then slowly the men crept away, for the most part overcome by fatigue and excitement.

And now, as if the wine drunk from the pagan cup—emblem of pagan faith, and reminiscent of Dionysian worship—had been an insult, from this time onward a series of calamities continually checked the progress of the church, at first of little importance, but as time progressed accidents of a more serious nature occurred. Large pieces of iron, used for the hauling up of the stones, fell down, breaking delicate fragments of carving, which were lying on the ground ready to take their place upon the building; and the workmen, always ready to grasp at some wild superstition, became afraid, and many went away to seek work elsewhere.

Meanwhile the Church of St. Vulfran was steadily growing. The vaulting of the nave was nearing completion, the ribs were all in place, and the severies were speedily receiving their infilling by means of the 'cerce,' which dispensed with elaborate centring for that purpose. And the men, becoming elated by the rapid progress, jeered and laughed at the few persevering ones who with all their might tried to push forward the work of St. George in spite of the many catastrophes which occurred—seemingly without cessation. At last a climax was reached at that church, for on a certain day it was found that all the beams cut for the rafters of the roof were too short, thus necessitating a total rearrangement of the truss, all the members of which were cut, the tie-beam being the only portion thereof that would remain unchanged. The



master, now terribly enraged, sent for the chief carpenter, and he in his turn sent for the men who had sawn the wood, but it was found that the measurements were correct; yet the beams would not meet. Here was a veritable mystery, and the men turned to each other dismayed. And then it was decided that a service should be held in the great unroofed nave, for they thought, 'God is wroth, and His anger must be appeased,' and they hoped to expiate their unknown sin by prayer. And all those citizens whose interests lay in the speedy completion of St. George were invited to attend. And on the day appointed a good-sized multitude was assembled outside the church. Presently the Bishop of Amiens arrived, accompanied by the whole clerical body (for Abbeville as yet had not its own Bishop), and tapped at the door erected for the occasion, slowly reciting the words *Tollite portas*, and then the cleric who had kept vigil the whole night through within the building, opened the door, and the multitude entered, preceded by the Bishop. And the people, mightily impressed by this strange ceremony in the great unfinished place, knelt down and prayed with fervour, and presently the Bishop arose, and the aged Dean, together with the whole assembly of holy men and the choir, solemnly chanted: *Fundata est domus Domini super verticem montium*; and then the Bishop blessed the building according to the office of *Benedic, Domine, domum istam quam aedificavi nomine tuo*. And after a little silent prayer the people departed, with great hopes in their hearts.

On the following day the carpenters reassembled at an earlier hour than usual, the sun having just risen, so that the town still lay in a pallid sleepy mist, and each man felt a kind of unknown elation, as though the unexpected were about to happen, and their tide of ill-luck should henceforward be a thing of the past. And now it was noticed that one was in their midst who never before had been there. Tall, with long flaxen hair and noble carriage, he had the look of a person from a foreign land—certainly the like had never been seen before in Abbeville; and it was only owing to a sort of light which seemed to shine about his head, and a strange look of awe, not unmixed with kindness, which shone through his light blue eyes, that prevented a crowd of inquisitive loiterers—chiefly women—from gazing at him. And his dress, too, was likely to attract undue notice, being composed mostly of a kind of armour, already long since disused. And, walking up to one of the beams originally intended for a rafter of the roof, but now

laid aside as being of no use, he beckoned to a multitude of men, who stood about not knowing what to do—the overseers not having yet arrived—and by means of signs ordered them to pull at the end of the beam, and, going to the other end, began to pull also; and presently the sinews of the wood were heard to crack, and then a great heaving took place, and slowly the beam stretched itself, reaching at last the required length. By degrees the whole forty were thus treated. And now the men, quite overcome by wonder and fatigue, for the strain on their part was very great, while the superhuman visitor—seemingly descended from heaven—did his work without an effort, knelt down and silently prayed. At this moment the overseer arrived, very wroth at finding his men in this posture of idleness, but on seeing the lordly visitor standing erect before the wood—a crimson nimbus was now indeed visible about his flaxen locks—bowed down also, not daring to gaze at that pale face, and wondering what subtle power lay hidden under the white veil of that youthful form. At last, having partly overcome his wonder, he went forward to speak with this strange youth, but the other would answer no questions as to his home; whence he came; in fact during the whole time that he had been noticed about the building no word had escaped his lips; only when the overseer thanked him for the great wonder he had worked did a slight smile light up his sad earnest features.

And from that time onward the work prospered. The nave now being firmly roofed, a multitude of goldsmiths and jewellers, skilful workers of leather, beaters of copper, entered to perform their various duties within the church, to erect altars in the chapels. From time to time the strange visitor would appear, being able, so it seemed, to work equally at one thing as at another; and so sometimes he would help the masons, diligently working at a great reredos, skilfully carving the little niches, each with its canopy, and filling them with figures; on other days he would help the carvers in wood, busy with the great doors to fill the western portals, and, as if by a magnetic influence, everything he touched became infused with a liquid fire, and the men too, becoming inspired by this seemingly divine spirit in their midst, worked on with double eagerness.

Meanwhile St. Vulfran was far behind in regard to the amount of finished work, and a great number of citizens who had lavished their money upon the building of this church, and the height of whose ambition lay in its early completion, compatible as far as

possible with delicate and refined workmanship, became mightily incensed, seeing that it was now apparently beyond hope that St. Vulfran should be finished first; and again the strife broke out with vicious earnestness; those working at St. George behaving as though intoxicated; their continual success rendering their impetuous spirits beyond control, so that at times they would cluster round the other church and behave like veritable madmen.

And then, as if the purple wine had soured in the cup, the people turned against their deliverer. The golden age vanished; they resented his presence in their midst, they no longer receiving the praise that was their due. And now, when he came to work among the carpenters or the masons, or any other party of artisans employed for the final embellishment of the church, one by one the men departed, a few still lingering on, as if attracted by his presence, and he, looking around with a disdainful eye, perceived this change, and set to work with double ardour; and strange rumours reached the other men, whereat they mightily rejoiced.

And so things went on, until St. George was well-nigh finished. There only remained that various labour of minute detail that would still take many generations to complete. And so it was decided to consecrate the church. The Bishop of Amiens and the whole clerical assembly were again asked to perform the office, and after the procession of the relics and the triumphal hymn *Ambulatis sancti Dei* had been chanted, and when the Bishop had blessed the church according to the office *Sit nomen Domini benedictum*, he sought the divine visitor who had wrought the miracles, and whose presence had instilled such ardour into the souls of the men, that he might thank him before the whole assembly, but he was nowhere to be found. And it was then that he noticed high up on the western wall, right before his gaze, and that of the whole multitude who had now risen and turned, about to depart, a deep red cross painted on a white ground; underneath, engraven on the wall, an inscription. The actual words are long since lost, but the gist of them must have been as follows:—

‘Your supplications were heard by me, with undue speed I hastened to your help, but with base ingratitude you treated me, therefore I decree—your work shall prosper until such a day as I choose, and then in a moment it shall be razed to the ground.’

The day was long in arriving, so that the inhabitants began to forget the sinister prophecy, but when the Revolution came it swept away the church, together with about twenty others

that stood in various parts of the town. Only a few relics and gems were saved, some finding their way to St. Vulfran, and others, such as the fragment of stained glass, falling into the hands of individuals, to be passed on as heirlooms, or sold to inquisitive travellers.

And at St. Vulfran the consternation of all there was no less great, for on the wall of an unroofed chapel a similar cross was to be seen, and under it an inscription, all the words of which, save two, were soon erased: 'Jamais . . . fini.' The ingenious reader will no doubt be able to supply, if not all the missing words, at least their meaning. St. George, for surely it was none other than he, was wroth too with the workers on this church; they had defiled their task, the building of a holy house, which should have been a work of love, by the strife and ill-feeling which they had shown towards their less fortunate fellow-workmen on the other church; and so, for a punishment, he decreed their building should never be finished, but should for ever stand as a visible testimony of the ire of God. However, after the first sharp shock of surprise was over, the men went forward with the work, not caring for these seemingly untrue words; but suddenly a fearful illness spread among them, and one by one they sickened, and the rest, becoming afraid, went away, so that a few months after the appearance of the mysterious writing, no sound of hammer or axe was heard on the building, and the great wrought stones that lay idly around seemed indeed to become part of Nature's very self again, and on their rough, time-worn surfaces, weeds and wild flowers blossomed every summer, springing out of the venerable dull brown decay which crept into all the crevices, and only after many years did men dare to add the paltry choir, perhaps afraid to lay foundations of an elaborate kind, fearing that some evil too would fall in their midst, and the great wall of the northern transept is left standing until this day, a visible testimony of the two surviving words, 'Jamais . . . fini.'

And so the figure in stained glass explains itself. St. George had indeed dwelt in Abbeville. And on certain early mornings when the sun still lingers behind the hills, as if unwilling to awake the slumbering town, the medieval atmosphere hangs in the narrow sunless streets. And an imaginative traveller wandering by the church might seem indeed to see the Saint, standing there erect and pale, but looking a little curious, perhaps, in the faint morning air.

H. J. BIRNSTINGL.

## NOBODY'S CHILDREN.

A CORPS OF IMPROVISORS.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

### II.

'NOBODY'S Children' are wanderers on the face of earth and sea, they roam perpetually *per mare per terram*. They are, like their step-brothers of the Navy, always on active service, and the War, great as it was, forms but an incident in their centuries of service. They were everywhere on service when it began; they are everywhere, and still on service, now that it is over. If I were to write their history, it would not be a history of one war but of all wars in which the British Navy or Army has fought since the Restoration of Charles II.

In no other corps in the world would such an experience be possible as that which befell one officer, Lieut.-Colonel Peacock, R.M.A., in the first year of the War. Eight times he crossed the Equinoctial Line in pursuit of the enemy, yet found him not, and while he wandered up and down, always too early or too late, others more fortunate gobbled up the elusive foe. Colonel Peacock was in the cruiser *Minotaur* at Hong Kong when war broke out and his ship's company hunted for von Spee and his two big cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* all by themselves. It was, perhaps, as well that they did not find him. A little later the *Minotaur* went up to the Cocos Islands with the Australian convoy, and turning back missed the chance which the *Sydney* took of wiping out von Müller's *Emden*. After that the *Minotaur* went to German South-West Africa and thence home. But Colonel Peacock returned, and in German South-West Africa commanded a brigade of guns which, unhappily for him, was not sent up to the front. It was not until many months afterwards that he commanded the R.M.A. siege batteries in Flanders, and at last got at the enemy whom he sought so long. By sea and by land, Nobody's Children are a Corps of Wanderers.

Perhaps those who wandered least, though they covered in their cruises countless leagues of drab North Sea, were the detachments of the Corps on service with the Grand Fleet. There were nearly

six thousand of them at Jutland, as I have already told, and 526 were killed. The detachments in the *Indefatigable*, *Invincible*, *Defence* and *Black Prince* perished to a man; and of those in the *Queen Mary*, two only survived. Although the *Lion*, Admiral Beatty's flag-ship, was not sunk, she was saved as by a miracle; and it was a Marine officer who saved her, though he died himself in the act of doing it. Exactly half of his detachment of ninety-four were killed with him, and one other died later of wounds. Major F. J. W. Harvey, R.M., was awarded the V.C. posthumously, though nothing was disclosed regarding the nature of his service. There was good reason for secrecy, for the *Queen Mary* and *Indefatigable* had been struck and sunk in the flicker of an eye-flash, the *Lion* and the *Malaya* had been struck and saved by the instant miraculous devotion of their officers and men. There was a common weakness in the design of these ships which could not be disclosed until all possible risk of a repetition of such disasters had been removed.

In our battleships and battle-cruisers the fore-turrets are lettered 'A' and 'B'; the after-turrets, when there are a pair of them, 'X' and 'Y'; the turrets set amidships—in the older vessels *en échelon*—are 'P' and 'Q.' The Marine turret of the *Lion* was that lettered 'Q.' At the beginning of the action between Beatty and von Hipper's battle-cruisers, the German shooting was extraordinarily, alarmingly, accurate. It fell off later—it degenerated, under stress of action, into feebleness—but at the beginning it was terribly accurate. Within eight minutes, the *Indefatigable* had been hit and sunk, and then a twelve-inch shell from the *Lützow* caught 'Q' turret of the *Lion* just where the roof-plate joined the front armour. The shell broke through, and burst in the gun-house, killing or severely wounding all those within. Even those who were in the cabinet at the back were struck down, all except one Marine sergeant. Major Harvey, the officer in command, was desperately wounded, but the urgency of his duty mastered all bodily distress. Seeing that the communications with the turret had been destroyed, he sent the unwounded sergeant to the Captain on the fore-bridge; and then, realising that the fire from the cordite which was lying about would infallibly spread to the magazine below and destroy the ship, he gave orders that the doors should be closed and the whole magazine flooded. It was a terrible order, for it meant that those within the magazine would all instantly be drowned. The order was carried out, and by those who knew that in admitting the water they were compassing their own deaths. I do not know

which to admire the more—the ruthless precision of Major Harvey's dying brain, or the selfless devotion of those whole men below who destroyed themselves in carrying it out. It was done, and the ship saved. Just in time, too, for a second explosion followed quickly after the first shell-burst, the front part of the roof-plate was blown off, and the flash passed down to the turret's trunk to where, a moment before, there had been an open magazine. Major Harvey died almost immediately after giving his last immortal order.

The Marines in the *Malaya*, one of the fast battleships of the Fifth Battle Squadron, which formed the massive shaft of Beatty's spear, suffered severely. This was in the second phase of the action when, after a turn of sixteen points, Beatty was leading the German Fleet towards Jellicoe, who was coming down fast to his support. A twelve-inch German shell pierced the deck over the starboard six-inch side-battery and the burst of it fired all the cordite lying by the guns. The whole battery was quickly ablaze, and out of twenty-seven Marines who formed the ammunition supply party, seventeen lost their lives. This unlucky shot, for us, came within very little of sending the great *Malaya* to the bottom. The flash of the bursting shell passed down an open ammunition hoist to the magazine below, and caught the cordite bags there. Instantly seamen fell upon them, crushing out the fire with their bodies. Though the Marines suffered their casualties in this side-battery, the outstanding incident—one of the most remarkable in the whole action—was the escape from destruction of the Marine turret 'X.' As the *Malaya* was the last ship in the English line, the two after-turrets, 'X' and 'Y,' were exposed to the full concentrated fire of the following German Fleet. 'Y' passed unscathed, but a twelve-inch shell, falling steeply, pitched upon almost the centre of 'X's' roof. It glanced without penetrating, and was seen to burst in the air. Splinters put the turret range-finder out of action, and demolished the turret's periscope; but that noble piece of plating which composed the roof, though a bare four and a-half inches thick, saved the turret. The roof bulged downwards at the point of impact, broke away from the holding-down bolts on the right-hand side, and opened a gap through which, later on in the day, the turret's crew got their first look at the enemy and watched the leading ships of Jellicoe's fleet rush into action. It is remarkable that the tremendous smashing blow of the falling shell, though unable to pierce those four and a-half



inches of faithful steel, yet tilted the whole huge turret and trunk (weighing some 800 tons), by enough to put the central ammunition hoist out of working order. Thenceforward, until the end of the action, the Marines had to raise their fifteen-inch shells—1960 lbs. each—by hand purchase; they did it, and kept up the supply of shells to the guns, even after the *Malaya* had been pierced below the water-line and had taken up a bad list. There were no casualties in the turret, and the guns were firing at the enemy within ten minutes of the roof being struck. Despite the damage to roof and turret, not one of the electrical instruments was disturbed, and not one of the electric lights was extinguished. 'The effect upon the guns' crew was nil,' said their commanding officer simply.

I am telling these stories to illustrate the effect of training. Nobody's Children, officers and men, are taught to think, to improvise, to carry on, so long as a spark of life remains unextinguished in their shattered bodies. In great things as in small—Major Harvey, on the point of death, flooding the magazine of the *Lion*—the guns' crew in the *Malaya's* turret man-handling nineteen-hundred-pound shells—the spiritual essence of the Corps is seen. It was seen also in 'X' turret of the *Tiger*, into which a German shell broke its way, though, happily, it did not explode. Beatty went into action on May 31, 1916, with six battle-cruisers and four battleships. He lost two battle-cruisers, and came very near losing two other battle-cruisers—including his own flag-ship—and one of his supporting battleships. The Marine turret of the *Tiger* was so shrewdly hit that an eleven shell broke through, driving before it more than a ton weight of solid armour. The shock broke up the shell—there was no explosive burst—smashed the electric circuits, and destroyed the centre training position. Like most of the other casualties to Beatty's squadron, this occurred very early in the action, when the Germans were shooting most unpleasantly well. Within five minutes, an incredibly short time, the guns' crew got going again. They trained from the left gun, and being cut off from the director and deprived of electric firing-circuits, they laid the guns by individual, and fired by percussion. So conspicuous an example of coolness and resource well deserved the special congratulations of Sir David Beatty himself. It is my belief that the Corps of Improvisors is never really happy unless it is compelling adverse circumstance to do obeisance to its will.

There lies before me at this moment the story of a Marine gunner, a drifter, and a gun. It is written by himself, and is carefully

headed 'Reminiscences of my Life in a Drifter (patrol boat).' At short notice, in November 1914, he was drafted off to fix a six-pounder gun in a drifter and make good with it. He describes how he perched his gun in the bows of the vessel, where it could not be fired straight ahead because those confounded towering bows were in the way. However, he did his best. 'About this time the pedestal for the six-pounder was parbuckled to our decks, holes being bored in the deck, which was shored up beneath. We placed it in position and mounted the gun. I then discovered that one bolt, securing the strap, had dropped overboard. There was no spare, so I took the one we had to an engineering firm by the sea wall to have another one made, and of course left it as a pattern. I was to call at 7 A.M. the following morning for it. . . .' But the vessel sailed at 4 A.M., so that our Marine found himself short of both bolts—the one which had been lost, and the other left as a pattern. 'I was wondering what I could do to secure the gun to the cradle, less the proper bolts. After searching the engine-room thoroughly, with the assistance of the engineer, I found two bolts that I thought might do. They were a quarter of an inch too short, but the thread was correct. So the upper part of the strap was filed down to allow the head of the bolt to sink deeper. I got it down, and got a bite or two on the threads. I dared not go lower because of weakening the upper part of the strap; so I finished off with binding strong wire round it and hoping that it would stand the strain.' Here one sees at work the perfect improviser, one who buttresses ingenuity with unfailing hope. Remember that it was our poor friend's job not only to mount this gun but to fire it with full war charges; it was his body which would have been shattered had the too short bolts and the binding wire failed of their overtaxed duty. This fine fellow knew well the risk that he was running. 'When it came to firing the six-pounder, I confess to some feeling of trepidation. *So I cleared the gun's crew away and pressed the trigger.* Afterwards I examined the fitting and security bolts and was relieved to find everything correct. She was tied up with wire when I left the ship.' It takes a Marine to improvise really successfully with emergency bolts and wire, for 'other ships were not so fortunate as ours; in some the pedestal came right away on firing.' This was in the autumn of 1914, at a time when every old gun and mounting in the Empire was being turned to some use, and good men's lives had to pay toll for the badness of their weapons.

When the War broke out in August 1914 we were desperately short of guns and of gun ammunition for all the urgent services which rapidly pressed their necessities upon us. Lord Jellicoe, in that wonderful book of his upon the Grand Fleet, tells in quiet unsensational fashion how near we came during those early months to the sheer edge of irretrievable disaster. Scapa, our main Fleet Base, was wholly undefended—no forts, no booms or nets—nothing. Between Scapa, Loch Ewe, and the open sea, the Grand Fleet scurried at the merest rumour of submarine attack, seeking rest yet finding none until, in October, an improvised boom was fitted up by the Fleet itself at Lough Swilly in Ireland. It is a humiliating story of pre-war neglect, and one typical of our national methods. If the Joss of the British Empire were not infinitely long-suffering, we should, in our history, again and again have overstrained its enduring patience.

It was well for our country, then and throughout the War, that the Corps of Improvisors never fails in resource. With guns landed from the Fleet, it set up batteries upon the rocky hills which commanded the approaches to the Scapa anchorage. With guns of any sort, swept up from forgotten corners of the Empire, it created brigades for German South-West Africa, and German East Africa. In like manner it made safe the sea approaches to Lower Egypt, upon which was based the Mediterranean operations. Later on, when the West Indies were under threat of submarine activities, a few skilled men of the all-pervasive Corps shipped out aged guns, hauled them up the slopes of lofty hills, mounted them there, trained fearful black gunners to know the breech from the muzzle, and made good the islands of the Western Ocean. Wherever the Corps may wander about the world, it carries a gun under each arm and a rifle slung upon its shoulder. Wherever it goes, it forms a highly-trained nucleus which gathers to itself ring after ring of the untrained and diffuses its own skill and resource throughout the mass of accretions.

In this fashion a few officers and men of the Royal Marine Artillery constituted the nucleus about which gathered the South African Heavy Artillery, which helped General Botha to conquer 'German South-West' and then afterwards, reorganised, transferred its newly found energies to France. Botha wanted heavy guns, but possessed neither guns nor gunners. The R.M.A. at home could supply incomparable gunners—if the Higher Powers would let them go—but where could guns be found for South Africa at a time

when every gun which could be persuaded to shoot was under urgent requisition for France? It was a Colonel of R.M.A., who was then at the Admiralty, who solved what looked an insuperable problem. Surveying the Empire, he put his finger upon Malta, which had no apparent use for guns and yet which possessed four long-range twelve-pounders (18 cwt.) and four naval four-inch guns, on carriages which were more or less mobile. 'Give me those Malta guns, and a few officers and men of the R.M.A.,' quoth he, 'and let me go with them to German South-West Africa.' He was hopeful, yet intensely apprehensive. The Army, hearing of those guns and of those gunners, grabbed at them, but the Navy stood staunchly by the Marines. Rose got his guns, he got leave to go himself and to take Captain Tripp, two subalterns and fifty N.C.O.s and men, mainly Fleet reservists. This was the germ from which sprouted and grew to maturity the South African Heavy Artillery.

The story is worth telling in some little detail. It shows with what speed and certainty a few regular officers of a scientific corps, two or three experienced gunnery instructors, and a detachment of trained men, can transform unskilled human material into a disciplined and efficient force. The Blue Marines performed in South Africa that miracle in transfusion which, later on, thousands of other officers and trained men were to perform in all parts of the Empire.

The guns ravished from Malta were duly despatched, and a month later, at the end of October 1914, the R.M.A. detachment followed. In the meantime the rebellion had broken out in South Africa and the twelve-pounder guns, formed into a mule battery, had been sent up country after the rebels. The four-inch guns were handed over to the R.M.A.; two five-inch howitzers had been discovered in Mauritius, and were expected shortly; there was, in addition, a six-inch gun on a railway mounting, a relic of the Boer war of fifteen years earlier. The naval guns—twelve-pounders and four-inch—were not well suited to land work. They were high-velocity weapons with a low trajectory, and of calibre small in comparison with their weight. The mountings, too, were useless for campaigning, and all had to be altered. Field artillery limbers were obtained, and the railway works at Salt River, under R.M.A. supervision, designed and built broad-tyred steel wheels. The Marine officers were given commissions in the South African Defence Force, and were authorised to raise locally a Heavy

Artillery Brigade. There was no lack of volunteers—splendid material, but quite untrained. For weeks, every officer and man of the skilled nucleus was hard at work training the recruits in artillery work and receiving training themselves in the, as yet, unknown art of trekking in a waterless desert. The batteries were to be mule or ox drawn, and the officers and N.C.O.s to be mounted, so that the Marines, who ere this had rarely seen a horse, were by circumstance compelled to learn riding. The officers, of course, could ride; they, as part of their regular Corps training, were already 'Horse Marines.'

Towards the latter part of December, our small group of Marine officers had collected about themselves a most incongruous lot of artillery—the long twelve-pounders, the four-inch naval guns, a six-inch gun, two five-inch howitzers, and two old fifteen-pounder field guns mounted on improvised anti-aircraft carriages. Five distinct calibres, requiring five types of shell! It is lucky that they did not need a great supply of ammunition.

I do not propose to tell the story of the German South-West campaign but merely to indicate how fifty officers and men of the R.M.A., supplemented a few months later by twenty more officers and men from Eastney, scraped up guns, designed mountings and field carriages, raised and trained recruits, so very successfully that by the early spring of 1915 the tiny nucleus had gathered about itself three whole brigades of Heavy Artillery. The guns that were hoary relics of the Boer war played a considerable part in the artillery equipment of the new force which, four months after the landing of the R.M.A., took the field with sixty officers and a thousand gunners. The Corps of Improvisors had transfused this mass with its own skill and spirit, and remained from first to last the central, compelling heart. The Heavy Artillery were in at the capture of Windhuk in May, though no fighting fell its way—the Germans had fled farther than the guns could shoot. In spite of the tremendous difficulties of hauling heavy guns through a sandy waste, one brigade—Tripp's—was in at the final surrender of the Germans at Otavi in July. By the sight of them, as has been told, Botha convinced the incredulous Francke that it was time to throw up the game.

Service with the Heavy Artillery had become so popular in South Africa that when Colonel Rose's brigades were disbanded after the campaign, and a new force recruited for Europe at Imperial rates of pay—much lower than the generous Union rates—the

authorised number of gunners was raised in five days. In August 1915, five batteries sailed for England *en route* to France.

In German East Africa there was no clean finish. The Marine batteries there suffered severely from malaria and got little satisfaction out of the business. The pressure upon the Empire's guns remained very severe, in spite of the outpourings of British gun-shops, and the long twelve-pounders which had been drawn from Malta for the Marine adventure in German South-West were passed on to German East when Botha had finished with them. Some four-inch naval guns on field mountings were also part of the equipment, and of one of these guns a queer story is told. My friends of the R.M.A. scoff at it; but here it is, vouched for by Captain Ellison of the R.M.L.I. The two branches of the Royal Corps do not readily accept one another's tall stories. One of Captain Ellison's four-inch guns, which was defending Lindi, suffered damage to its muzzle and was considered to be unfit for further service. The Germans soon learned that the gun was out of action, and bringing up a naval piece of their own—of the calibre of those four-point-ones in the *Emden*, which plastered the *Sydney* at over 10,000 yards—began to bombard Lindi with much Teutonic satisfaction. Ellison, permitted by the General to make what he could of the damaged gun, sawed twenty-two inches off the muzzle and at day-break got home upon the surprised German gunners at a range of eight miles! They made off, taking their own out-ranged gun along with them. Captain Ellison claims deliberately, with his hand upon his officially responsible heart, that his four-inch gun, with twenty-two inches sawn off the muzzle, had a longer range than a new full-sized weapon of the same type. Whether one accepts his judgment or not—I repeat that my friends of the R.M.A. scoff—his feat in improvising an effective weapon out of a badly damaged one, and of promptly strafing the Germans with it, was exactly characteristic of his ingenious Corps. With its heavy field-carriage, and broad steel wheels, this gun weighed six tons, and was hauled about the East African bush by three hundred native porters.

It is characteristic of the Corps of Wanderers that officers and men disappear from a Divisional Headquarters and not one—except the Commandant, the Brigade-Major, and possibly the Adjutant—knows whither they have gone. They just fly off into space, and after years or months wander in again as if they had achieved no more of experience than a week-end in Town. Their departure arouses no comment, and their return no effusion. One day, when I was at Forton, a friend said casually in mess: 'Some of

our men are just back from the West Indies.' To my enquiry of their duty there he replied indifferently that he had no idea. 'I never knew that they had gone,' said he, 'until they came back!' Much the same could be said of most of the detachments which go forth from Eastney and Forton, from Stonehouse and Chatham. Few know whither they have gone, or why they have gone, until they—or what is left of them—come back.

It appears that in the summer of 1917, at a time when these British Isles of ours came nearer to isolation by German submarines than is pleasant now to think of, it was held necessary to protect the West Indian Islands from possible German raiders, and to set at naught German designs to establish submarine bases in remote harbours, beloved of eighteenth-century pirates. So, in accordance with the invariable formula, 'When in doubt play the Marines!' a detachment of gunners, scraped up from the R.M.A. and R.M.L.I., were told off to collect up old four-point-seven-inch guns from obsolete cruisers, ship them across the Western Ocean, and stick them up to the confounding of the enemy on the hitherto undefended Islands. This detachment went to Halifax in the *Olympic*, and were conveyed thence to their scattered objectives in that hardy old Atlantic shuttlecock, the *Drake*. How one of these old four-point-sevens was hauled up 600 feet of hill, in the small island of Grenada, was told to me at Forton two years later by the Marine sergeant who had done the trick. Figure to yourselves the problem in haulage—'repository,' as the Marines term it—which confronted this plain honest sergeant and two or three of his men. In front rose a steep ascent six hundred feet high. About him, strewn upon the beach, lay a gun (41 cwt.), a cradle (38 cwt.), a gun-shield (2 tons), a pedestal (5 tons). He had no tackle except that which he could steal or improvise. Blacks, men and women and children—especially children—swarmed about him, his men, and those great forlorn immovable lumps of metal. They peered excitedly down the gun tube, they sat upon the pedestal, they climbed to the upper edge of the gun-shield. The Marine sergeant scratched his head and smiled. 'We will make a game of it, just a game, which the blacks shall play!' So then and there he enlisted into his service every black skin in the island—not for work, God forbid! but for a game, the glorious game of hauling those great tons of steel up six hundred feet of rock. And this was in the height of the summer, the West Indian summer; it was in the height of this burning workless season that the ingenious Marine taught the blacks of Grenada their new and amusing game. The



school was closed, and the schoolmaster came forth to help—at the game!

Six hundred feet may not sound much, but spread it out into two miles of winding road and it becomes more than enough. The five-ton pedestal was the first and worst of the loads; the others were, by comparison, feather-weights. Hunting about the island, our Marine sergeant found a trolley which would bear the load of the pedestal, but (as with the Malta guns in German South-West) the wheels were of no use at all. Hunting still further, he came upon some hundred-year-old muzzle-loaders, forgotten relics of Nelson's day, standing upon gloriously strong artillery wheels. To find, with a Marine, is instantly to annex. He equipped the trolley with the old wheels, and sorted out his tackle. He had strong rope in plenty, and for blocks he found—and annexed forthwith—what he wanted in old sailing-ships. He set up sheers equipped with blocks and tackle, put the eager blacks to the game, and the pedestal was slung upon the trolley. Then away went the gallant chattering concourse up that hill. Blocks carried ahead were fastened to anything that would hold; ropes reeved through them were hauled upon by the whole population of the island; the noise, the wasted labour, was heart-destroying; yet, as Galileo said of the solar system, 'For all that it did move!' The pedestal, proudly standing upon its trolley—and smothered under black children bent upon a free ride—went up like some inexorable Juggernaut, crushing under its powerful wheels all the water and other pipes which, in that frostless land, had been laid within a few inches of the roadway. It went up at the rate of half a mile a day—'Jolly good work!' said the Marine to me, 'I have never seen a black man sweat before'—and in four days reached its solid foundation at the top of the hill. The rest was easy. Gun and cradle and shield were dragged up on the faithful trolley. To put them together on the top was just routine 'repository.'

Here we have a four-point-seven-inch gun, mounted and ready for action, upon a lofty hill in a far-away West Indian Island. It was one of ten which, in fashion similar, were hauled and mounted on other lofty hills where no guns ever stood before. But where were the guns' crews to serve these guns, by day and night, for months and even years? Since they did not exist, they had to be created—out of black men who—in the words of our Marine sergeant—'became quite useful when they had seen the gun go off without killing anybody.' All the white men in the islands joined up as volunteers, and the Marine gunners, skilful moulders of every

kind of human clay, soon made white and black comprehend that a shell put in at one end of a gun may, by crafty persuasion, be induced to issue violently from the other.

No shots were fired from those guns, mounted with such outpouring of brains and sweat on West Indian hills—no shots except by way of practice. They stand where they were hauled to this day, and the Islands are frightfully proud of them. The blacks built houses over some of them, as a protection from the wet, and legends, rank as tropical creepers, are growing about them. I expect that by now they will have 'won the War.' The black children love them; and the schoolmasters, now that the Marines have gone, explain learnedly their technical uses. In a generation or two, they will be worshipped as gods—and, when one comes to think of it, the world owes much less to most of its deities than it does to British naval guns. What sort of unholy mess would it be in now but for them and for their gunners?

Our friend Sir George Aston has been telling you lately that the Royal Corps, in his early days, offered no chance of service to the higher officers. They did not go to sea above the rank of Major, and those who had not the good luck or high desert to become Commandants of Divisions at home, or failed to rise to the solitary eminence of Adjutant-General at the Admiralty, found that their training and experience were largely lost to their country. This, though true of the past before the War—and the truth may repeat itself later, if 'Nobody's Children' remain in undeserved neglect as nobody's children—was not true during the War period. The present Adjutant-General, Sir David Mercer, and the present Commandants of Divisions, fought in the War, in command of their own Marines, on the beaches of Gallipoli, and on the fields of France. Colonels, Majors, officers of all ranks, led their own men and died with their own men on every land front, except in Palestine and Mesopotamia. The War, horrible as it was to most of us, was kind to the senior officers of Royal Marines. They were no longer, like ripe fruit, put upon the shelf and neglected until they became—what shall I say?—over-ripe. They showed what Marines could do when given a chance that was worthy of them. Sir A. Paris, who commanded the Marine forlorn hope at Antwerp, afterwards led the Naval Division at Gallipoli and passed on to the command of a Division in France. Lumsden, that medieval knight-errant reincarnate, began the war as a Major of R.M.A., won the V.C. and D.S.O., jumped to the command of an infantry brigade and then—was killed. The fame of Poole's batteries of 15-inch

howitzers—known as 'grannies'—has been sung in many dispatches. They were the heaviest howitzers used by the Allies and were hard at their tremendous work from 1915 right up to the Armistice. Many services done by members of the Corps were more picturesque than those of the Marine Light Infantry in Gallipoli and France and of the Marine Artillery in France, but none were of greater value! They did, year in year out, that hard, dogged, continuous, obscure, unromantic fighting without which wars cannot be won nowadays.

I have not written much of the bigger shows in which Nobody's Children were engaged during the War. What I have tried to do is to reveal the infinite variety of their service as a Corps of Improvisors, a Corps of Wanderers, a Corps of those who bridge sea and land. But I would not have you forget that the Royal Naval Division, of which the long-service Marines formed the unbreakable warp, stood the fierce strain of war upon four fronts—Belgium, Gallipoli, France, and Salonika—and remained throughout unbreakable, though sorely ravelled and thin. I have said little of the R.M.A. siege-guns in Flanders, though I took in them, for private reasons, a deep personal interest. I have said little of Zeebrugge, that perfect Marine Show, which has gained for itself an imperishable chapter in our Island history. The glories of the Battalion of Zeebrugge are safe. No one can add anything to them, or take anything from them.

If I wrote in any detail of what the Service of Detachments has done, on all fronts, by land and sea, except in Palestine and Mesopotamia—one must have some exceptions to every rule—I should fill a volume. And now that the War is over and its lessons are being rapidly forgotten, who would read it? God forgive us! As a people we are the very antithesis of the Bourbons—we learn everything, and then forget everything that we have learned. But I hope that some few, reading what I have written here, will retain in their memories some recollection, and in their hearts some tenderness, for that long-service and long-suffering Corps of Nobody's Children, which stands between the Navy and the Army, which, at the call of duty, serves indifferently by land or sea; which in war is cherished, yet in peace is neglected; that ever-loyal Corps of Royal Marines of which His Majesty—God bless him!—is the Colonel-in-Chief.

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